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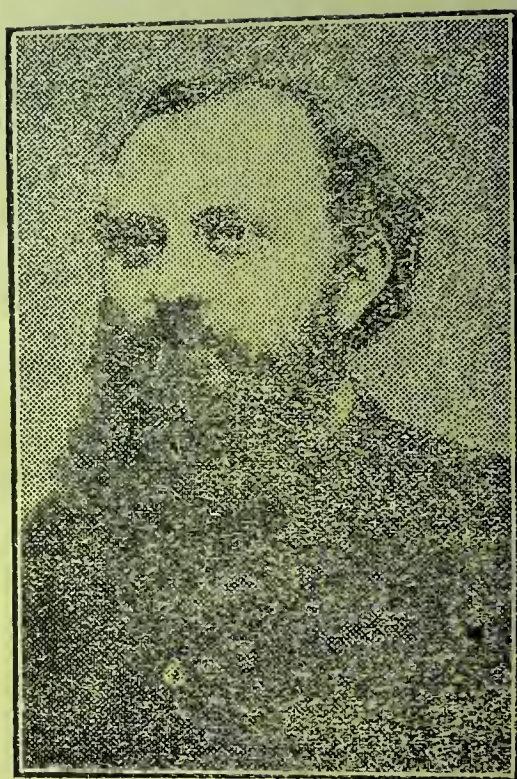
RICHARD HERRMANN

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Julien Dubuque—His Life and Adventures by Richard Herrmann, is an interesting historical narrative of the early days of the white man in the northwest territory and along the Iowa and Wisconsin shores of the Mississippi river.

Mr. Herrmann himself a resident of Dubuque for over half a century, in gathering his data for this book, spent considerable of his time during a long period of years, it being more than 20 years since he first started his work in this connection. In the course of his preparation for the writing of this work Mr. Herrmann succeeded in gathering a fund of information about early Dubuque days and relics of the Indians and early white men in this territory that will prove of wonderful historical value in the future.



RICHARD HERRMANN

CHAPTER I.

Story Of Early Days Of White Men In Middle West and Particularly Along Mississippi River One Of Great Interest.

MUCH interest is centered in the story of the Life and Adventures of Julien Dubuque from the fact that he was the first white man to live with the Indians and settle down permanently on the West bank of the Mississippi River near where the now thriving and flourishing City of Dubuque, Iowa, is located.

That he was taken and adopted into their tribe, and lived with them and became the lifelong friend of one of their chiefs and was finally buried with great pomp and eclat as one of their chiefs and braves, in a mound on top of one of the most prominent and picturesque cliffs overlooking the Mississippi River for miles around, adds interest to the story.

The very cordial and intimate friendship that existed between Chief Peosta and Julien Dubuque is evidenced from the fact that he requested to be buried in the same mound with him, an honor from an Indian point of view, probably never accorded to any other white man.

The many little errors, and conflicting differences that have crept into the reports of various writers on this interesting tribe of Indians, who were so kindly disposed toward the lone white man and daring adventurer are due to the fact that these writers had to depend entirely on the information related to them in later years by early settlers, which information in the course of a number of years had become somewhat unreliable.

The writer of this article, however, having had a prominent part in the building of the monument to Julien Dubuque and also in the finding and custody of the remains of Julien Dubuque while the monument was being built and until their reinterment, is in a position to clear up and make plain some of the existing differences in these reports in order that the truth may more nearly be known and this is the purpose he had in mind in writing this book.

In undertaking this work, to make it of any practical value, every available source of information has been consulted and the author invariably has given preference to the account given by persons first on the ground, or who went there purposely to get the particulars, or who in their official capacity reported to the United States Government. He has omitted what seemed to him improbable, contradictory and erroneous.

From the Canadian of the West by Joseph Tasse, Montreal, translated from the French into English by John I. Mullaney of Dubuque,

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Iowa, we learn that Julien Dubuque was of Norman origin, the first in this country of that name, Jean Dubuque, came from the Parish of Trinite, Diocese of Rouen, France, and was married to Marie Hotet in Quebec in 1668. His son Romain was born in 1671 and married Anne Pinel in 1693. Romain's son, Noel Augustin Dubuque, father of Julien Dubuque, was born in 1707 and married Marie Mailhot in 1744 and died in 1783 about the time the son Julien set out for the West. The descendants of Jean Dubuque established themselves in the district of Three Rivers, and in this district on the 10th day of January, 1762, at St. Pierre les Blancs in the County of Nicolet on the banks of the St. Lawrence, Julien Dubuque was born.

Grand Pere Jean Dubuque having heard glowing accounts of the opportunities afforded to honest endeavor in this newly settled country and desirous of profiting by the same and bettering his condition, decided to leave the dear old Normandie of France, and cross the Atlantic Ocean, which was at that time a perilous adventure of no small proportion, as it had to be done in sailing vessels, of medium size and comparative type, attended with great risk of life, and at great expense.

Jean Dubuque being a refined and educated gentleman, with the proverbial politeness peculiar to his race, his descendants received the best schooling that the border towns of the newly settled country could afford, and Julien Dubuque was well educated for his time having attended the parish schools and at Sorel and was able to express himself well with tongue and pen. It is also surmised on account of his diplomacy and shrewdness, which stood him so well in after years that the Jesuit fathers, perhaps of Grand Old Notre Dame at Montreal had something to do with his education.

Excepting the few larger cities, the East was at that time only thinly settled; west of the Alleghanies was spoken of as "Out West" a vast wilderness of apparently impervious forests, occupied by hostile Indians, who frequently were at war with each other, and exceedingly jealous of the inroads of civilization, and the intrusion of the white man and determined, if possible, to eliminate the latter from the prairies of the West. Besides the natural obstacles to be overcome, it was, therefore, extremely difficult and dangerous for any white man to enter this vast wilderness of new and unexplored country, and none but the most daring adventurers would start out on so perilous an enterprise.

Among the first to brave these obstacles and hardships were the Missionary fathers, who imbued with the sacredness of their holy calling and to show their self sacrifice and devotion to the Blessed Imamel, under whose banner they were enlisted; went fearlessly among the Indians spreading the gospel of peace and good will among them. Coming entirely unarmed as they did and on a peaceful mission, the Indians in most instances received them kindly, and having gained their confidence, the Missionary fathers were able to learn a great deal concerning the Indian character, customs and habits; soon acquiring their languages, they were able to acquire a fund of knowledge of their past history and traditions, which they faithfully recorded and thus transmitted to future generations, as otherwise they might never become known to us of the present day.

They found the characteristics of the North American Indian in his natural state; in war, daring, boastful, cunning, ruthless, self-denying and self-devoted; in peace, just, generous, hospitable, revengeful, super-

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stitious, modest and commonly chaste, and in general much given to overestimating his own perfections and to underestimating those of his rival or enemy.

There are many physical as well as moral facts which tend to corroborate the opinion generally believed that the North American Indians were mostly of Asiatic origin; the imagery of the Indian both in his poetry and in his oratory is Oriental. He draws his metaphors from the clouds, the seasons, the birds, the beasts, and the vegetable and thus clothes his ideas in a dress Oriental in itself. His language has the richness and sententious fullness of the Chinese, he will express a phrase in a word, and he will qualify the meaning of an entire sentence by a syllable, he will even convey different significations by the simplest inflex of the voice. I quote this from Cooper to strengthen the belief that they were of Asiatic origin; or at least had more frequent communication with, or addition to their numbers from, say perhaps, the Chinese or Japanese; as the finding of a pipe of Oriental pattern in the burial mound of Julien Dubuque and the Indian Chief Pecsta, would tend to corroborate that idea. There is also the famous Camel head pipe plowed up near Elgin, Ia., perhaps the only one, ever found just like it, which is now in the Herrmann Museum of Natural History, Dubuque, Ia.; both of which pipes will be described later in this book.

As this book is written for the purpose of recording our own investigation and was not originally intended for publication, but simply that the work done may not be entirely lost I am going to write down what conclusion I come to, leaving to others who might have more light on the subject to form their own ideas.

I want to first register my decided disapproval of the remark commonly heard that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." There can not be cited a single instance where on the first landing of any white man on this Continent, the Indian did not receive them but with the utmost kindness and hospitality and even veneration and awe; there are instances where they bowed their heads to the ground before them, as in worship, and exhibited the greatest interest and friendship in the strange race, so different in color and habits from their own. The Indian made the Whites presents of strings of the most beautiful pearls of priceless value, ornaments of hammered gold fashioned after their own manner, and furs of the rarest animals. They continued in their friendship, until after the selfishness and cupidity of the white man had abused and maltreated them most shamefully, giving a terrible shock to their child-like confidence; and in its stead the deepest hatred against the whole white race took possession of them, which they apparently never will relinquish until the last of the race has vanished. A few instances of this will suffice to illustrate.

CHAPTER II.

Many Difficulties Encountered By French Adventurers Who Were First White Explorers and Settlers In Canadian Province.

John Verazzani, a Florentine, under the patronage of Francis the First, King of France, fitted out four ships and sailed from Madeiras on January 27, 1524. Three of these ships were soon disabled by a tempest that swept over the Atlantic, and put back as a result; but Verazzani went on with his one vessel. With it he reached the American coast in north latitude 34 degrees, or not far from Cape Fear in southern North Carolina in the month of March. He speaks of the climate as salubrious, of the coast as abounding in lakes and ponds; the numerous bays and inlets there; of the people as black skinned "not much differing from the Ethiopians," with thick black hair worn tied back upon the head in the form of a little tail; and going entirely naked excepting at the loins, where from a girdle of braided grass, a marten skin hung.

The natives gathered on the beach in considerable numbers, and made many friendly signs. A young sailor more courageous than the rest, swam toward the shore, with little bells, looking glasses and other trifles as presents for them, and when he was near the beach, he tossed them to the natives, and turned to swim back. The surf was high and he was thrown by it upon the sands, so much exhausted that he seemed to be dead. But he was sufficiently alive to scream lustily when the natives bore him away from the water, as he expected to be killed and eaten by them.

They stripped him and viewed with astonishment his white skin. Then they made a large fire on which, his companions imagined they were about to roast him for dinner, but it was only an act of kindness to restore warmth to his limbs. When he recovered sufficiently to show, by signs, that he wished to return, they hugged him with great affection, withdrew to a little sand hill, and watched him until he was safely returned to the boat from which he swam to shore.

Verazzani then went further up the coast, probably as far as the vicinity of Albemarle Sound, where he landed with twenty men. A short distance from the sea, the land was covered with large trees, among which were noble cypresses. From these forest trees trailed luxuriant vines which were clustered with delicious grapes, in early autumn. The natives, who fled to the woods upon the approach of the voyagers, were fairer than their brethren further south, and were covered with light drapery made of "certain plants which hung down from the branches." Spanish moss tied by threads of wild hemp. Their heads were uncovered; they lived in huts made of saplings and shrubbery, and navigated canoes dug out of a single log without any iron instrument whatever.



FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE RENDERED BY THE INDIANS
to Sailor cast on the Sea Shore of this Country.

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In the tall reedy grass the mariners found concealed "a very old woman and a young girl eighteen or twenty years of age. The old woman carried two infants on her shoulders, and behind her neck a little boy about eight years of age. "The woman shrieked and made signs to the men who had fled, to come to her rescue." "We took the little boy from the old woman," says the Florentine, "to carry with us to France, and would have taken the girl, who was very beautiful and very tall, but it was impossible because of the loud shrieks she uttered as we attempted to lead her away; so we determined to leave her and take only the boy."

The story of the kidnapping was soon spread over all that region, and planted the seeds of intense hatred of the white man in the bosom of the native. Their offspring were the bane of Raleigh's settlement on Roanoke Island sixty-three years later.

Verazzano coasted further northward, and it is evident from his topographical description, that he entered the harbor of New York and discovered the mouth of the Hudson River. He made a very brief tarriance there. The land seemed full of people, who received the mariners kindly. They did not differ much in appearance from the inhabitants further South and were dressed in cloaks made of the beautiful plumage of birds. Weighing anchor after a very brief intercourse with these people, he sailed eastward, as the coast lay, discovered Block Island off the Connecticut shore, and came to a beautiful hilly country in latitude forty-one degrees and forty minutes. He was then in Narragansett Bay, evidently, and beheld the shores of Rhode Island where the Northmen had settled more than five hundred years before. There he found the "finest looking tribe and the handsomest looking in their costume," of any that he had seen on their voyage; larger in persons than the average European. "Among them," Verazzani said, "were two Kings more beautiful in form and stature than can possibly be described; the oldest about forty years of age, wearing a deer's skin around his body, artificially wrought in diamond figures; his head without covering; his hair tied back in various knots, and around his neck he wore a large chain ornamented with many stones of different colors. "Their women," he said, "are of the same form and beauty, very graceful, of fine countenances and pleasing appearance in manners and modesty; wearing no clothing except deerskins, ornamental like those worn by the men; some wear very rich lynx skins upon their arms, and various ornaments on their heads composed of braids of hair which also hang down upon their breasts on each side. Others wear different ornaments such as the women of Egypt and Syria use. The inhabitants were kind, but shy. The men could never be persuaded to take their wives on board the ship of the Florentine.

"One of the two kings," he said, "often came with his queen and many attendants to see the vessel, but the women were kept at a distance. The dwellings of the people were generally circular in form, and built of split logs; some of which were large enough to accommodate a family of twenty-five or thirty persons."

Verazzani returned to France after having travelled the borders of the North American Continent for a distance of about two thousand miles and named the vast country "New France."

Jacques Cartier, a native of the fortified seaport of St. Malo, in the service of the French monarch, on April 20th, 1534, sailed from that port with a crew of one hundred and twenty men in each vessel. With fair winds he reached the eastern coast of Newfoundland in twenty days; he

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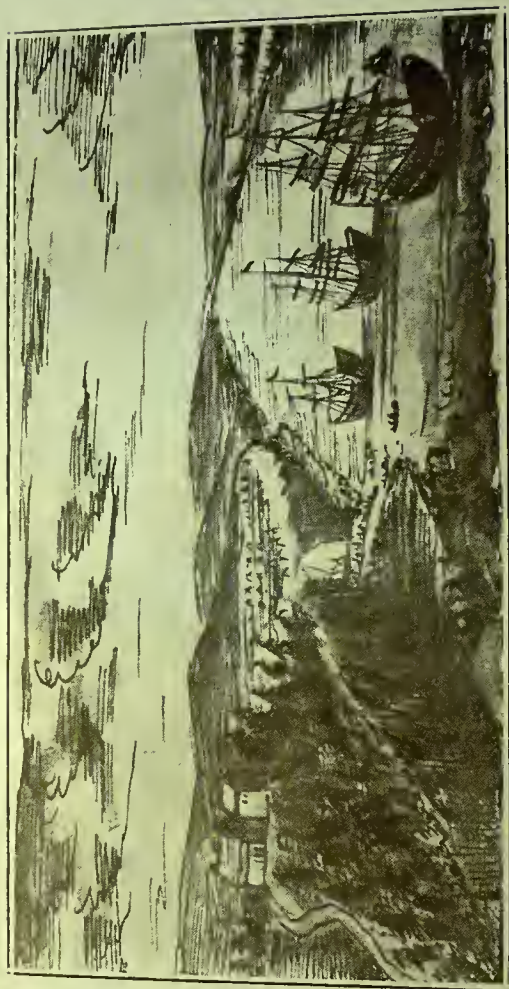
then sailed northward, entered the straights of Belle Isle, and touching the coast of Labrador, he formally took possession of the country in the name of his King by planting a cross and hanging upon it the arms of France.

The natives who had been fishing near, gathered around the Frenchmen in considerable numbers, with their chief, and looked with wonder as the mariners raised that symbol of the atonement made of the trunk of the tree and thirty feet in height. The shield they hung upon it bore the lilies of France—the royal insignia—and over it they carved in antique letters, *Vive le Roi de France*—"Live the King of France." Then the mariners all knelt, and with hands stretched toward the sky, thanked God for his mercies.

The savage chief faintly comprehended the significance of the shield with the Gallic arms as a token of a claimed sovereignty, told Cartier by signs, that he could not allow a cross to be set without his consent, whereupon the mariner satisfied him by the assurance that it was only as a beacon light to guide other voyagers in those waters.

After spending some weeks in exploring the great gulf west and southwest of Newfoundland, discovering the Magdalen Islands, the northern coast of Cape Breton, and the bays of Chaleurs and Gaspé, now at the eastern extremity of Canada, Cartier landed and held friendly intercourse with the Indians. There he set up a huge wooden cross, as before, with a shield, and the French lilies, and took possession in the name of King Francis. His kindness inspired the natives with such confidence, that one of the chiefs offered to Cartier two of his sons to accompany him to France, on the condition that he should return them to their homes the next year.

From Gaspé Bay Cartier sailed northeast, and doubling the Anticosti Island, he went up that branch of the St. Lawrence some distance, without suspecting that he was in the mouth of a great river whose chief sources were immense inland seas of fresh water. As the season of autumn storms were approaching, he turned back, passed through the straight of Belle Isle, and sailed away for France, reaching St. Malo early in September. His voyage was considered successful. King Francis was encouraged to make new efforts on a larger scale in the same direction. Three ships were fitted out late in the following spring. *La Grande Hermione*, *La Petite Hermione*, *L'Emerillon*. The first was a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons burthen; the second was sixty tons, and the third was smaller. Cartier was commissioned "Captain and Pilot of the King." He gathered his companions and seamen in the Cathedral at St. Malo, where the whole company received absolution (pardon of their sins) from the Bishop and also his blessing. It was Whit Sunday—a festival when all newly baptized persons appear in the church in white garments. Beautiful and picturesque was the scene, and joyous was the occasion, and impressions of the pageant remained on the memory of each mariner long after he left the holy edifice, and embarked upon his voyage.



—From an Old Wood Cut

LANDING OF THE THREE SHIPS

La Grand Hermione, La Petite Hermione and Le' Emerillon
at Stadacona or Quebec.

CHAPTER III.

Treatment Accorded Indians By First White Expeditions To Canada Not Always Kind and Enmities Were Sometimes Aroused.

Cartier sailed from St. Malo on his second voyage to New France, with several French noblemen, on the 19th of May, 1535. *Le Grande Hermoione* was his flagship. Storms soon separated the vessels, but they met at an appointed rendezvous in the straits of Belle Isle, on the 26th of July. Going westward, they entered the Gulf on which Cartier had sailed the previous year; and on the day dedicated to St. Lawrence, they passed into the waters between Anticosti and the main, on the north, to which Cartier gave the name of St. Lawrence. This name was afterwards given to the gulf and to the great river at whose mouth Anticosti lies. That Island, Cartier named *L'Assumption*. Its Indian name was *Naticotic*, the sound of which from the lips of the natives was, to English ears, *Anticostic*, and so they called it.

Voyaging on, Cartier found himself in a broad but narrowing and freshening river; and on the first of September he was at the mouth of the dark and mysterious Saguenay River, where the St. Lawrence is ten miles in width.

Proceeding more than a hundred miles further up the great stream, with high mountains a little away from its shores on his right and gentle slopes from the waters edge on his left, Cartier came to a large island which he called the Isle of Bacchus, now the Island of Orleans in sight of Quebec.

He went on shore with the two young men whom he had taken to France the year before, and the next day a handsome Algonquin chief, named Donnacona, who was "Lord of Canada" came to *Le Grande Hermione* in a beautiful wrought canoe to confer with Cartier. The conference was easy for the two young men were interpreters. "We have been to France," they said, "and have been well treated. The whole country is full of riches. Great castles, great armies, great ships, great cities are there and our master is a great man in his country." Donnacona was pleased. He asked Cartier to stretch out his bare arm. The King kissed it, and laid it about his own neck in token of affection. "Go to my village of Stadacona yonder," said the dusky prince. "You will find a safe harbor there and welcome." Then entering his canoe he glided swiftly over the waters toward a bold, rocky promontory in sight, around which came sweeping into the St. Lawrence, from the West, a gentle stream. Cartier followed, passing a high waterfall on his right, he was soon in the safe harbor, with scenery around him whose beauty and grandeur were enchanting. He was in the harbor of Quebec. The

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little stream which he called the St. Croix (Holy Cross) was the present St. Charles and the lofty cascade was the famous "Fall of Montmorence," Stadacona, the capital of the "Lord of Canada" was it is believed, on the side of the present suburb St. Rogue in the city of Quebec, on the border of the St. Charles.

Cartier left his larger vessels at Quebec, and in the smaller one he ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Lake St. Peter, an expansion of the river. The two young men refused to go any further with him, because he had broken his promise to leave them at their home on Gaspi Bay.

So Cartier had no interpreter on his voyage up the St. Lawrence. Obstructions in the stream near Lake St. Peter caused him to leave his ship and in a small boat, with three volunteers, make his way against the currents. They rowed up as far as the Indian town of Hochelaga, which Cartier said contained fifty houses, "about fifty paces long and twelve or fifteen broad, covered over with bark of the wood like boards, very finely and cunningly joined together," and having many rooms. On their tops were garrets wherein they kept their corn.

The town was circular in form, stockaded, and environed by three courses of ramparts made of timber and about thirty feet in height. There was only one gate or sally port, which was closed with heavy timbers, stakes and bars. On the ramparts were magazines of stone for the defense of the city.

Dressed in his most brilliant attire, Cartier visited the town on the day following his arrival, where he was kindly received by the Huron King. With that monarch, he climbed to the top of the lofty mountain back of the town, from which he beheld, with great admiration, a vast extent of level wooded country and the course of the mighty river for many miles. He called the great hills Mont Real (Royal Mountain); and the city which lies upon the site of the Huron capital, bears the same name, Montreal. Such, also, is the name of the island containing the city and the mountain.

After enjoying the hospitality of the Hurons two or three days, Cartier departed, carrying with him the pretty daughter of one of the chiefs, about eight years of age, whom her father lent to him to take to France. He joined his little vessel, returned to Stadacona, and as the season was far advanced, it being near the middle of October, he resolved to winter there. His vessels were moored in the St. Croix (St. Charles), and there the Frenchman and his companions endured the terrible cold of a Canadian winter from November until late in March. Their sufferings were grievous. The scurvy, which prevailed among the natives at Quebec, extended to the Frenchmen, and of the one hundred and ten Europeans there, eight died, and nearly all of the others were sick.

The ice remained so long in the St. Lawrence that Cartier could not depart until May. On the third of that month he erected a huge cross, thirty-five feet in height, on the site of Dalhousie Bastion, the highest point on Cape Diamond, the promontory of Quebec, and upon it he hung the arms of France with a Latin inscription:—"Francis First, by the grace of God King of France, reigns."

On the same day, Donnacona, whose unstinted kindness Cartier had enjoyed, was invited with nine of his chiefs to a feast on the French flagship, where they were treacherously detained, and were borne away captives three days afterward. Cartier sailed out of the St. Lawrence

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on the southern side of Anticosti. He reached the open sea from the gulf, between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, and reached St. Malo on the sixth day of July, 1536. The *Petite Hermione* was found to be so unseaworthy that she was left in the St. Charles, where the remains were found in the year 1848, imbedded in the mud.

Cartier's report of his second voyage was not cheering. The rigors of the climate on the St. Lawrence in winter; the icebound condition of that stream for several months, and the barrenness of the land in precious stones and metals, were so discouraging that more than four years passed away, before another like expedition from a French port was planned, until late in 1540.

The monarch had, meanwhile, talked with Donnacona and learned much about Canada which Cartier could not know. He told him of the large number of fur bearing animals in its woods and waters; the delicious salmon in its rivers, and the richness of its soil and value of its pine timber. Francis was willing to make another trial.

Francis DelaRogue, Lord of Robertval, in Picardy, importuned the King for permission to make further discoveries, and plant a colony in New France. He gave his consent to the fitting out of ships, according to the plan of DelaRogue. He commissioned that gentleman Viceroy and Lieutenant General of "Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Cape Breton and Labrador," and as the services of Cartier were indispensable, he was recommissioned "Captain and Pilot of the King" and appointed chief mariner of the expedition, in which six or seven ships were to be employed. DelaRogue was authorized to make conquests in the name of France and to plant a colony.

The work of preparation went vigorously on, and the harbor of St. Malo was alive with busy men in the spring of 1541.

Everything and everybody were in readiness late in May, excepting DelaRogue. Cartier was not pleased with being made subservient to the Lord of Robertval, in the enterprise before him, and when five vessels were ready, he was glad to find DelaRogue dilatory. He gathered the whole company that were to go in them, in the cathedral, where all received absolution and blessings, and on the 23rd of May they sailed from St. Malo for the St. Lawrence, leaving DelaRogue to follow when he pleased. Storms arose when they approached the tracks of the polar icebergs as they were voyaging towards the tropics, and chilling fogs lay along their paths. It was late in August when the squadron entered the harbor of Stadacona or Quebec.

The people then, led by King Agona, the successor of Donnacona, pressed eagerly to the ships to welcome their old monarch, for Cartier had assured them that he would bring him back. Alas! Donnacona was no more. He and his eight chiefs had been baptized in France, but had grieved themselves to death in slavery. All of them had died before Cartier's departure on his third voyage. The mariner dared not tell the whole truth to the people for fear of their resentment; he only acknowledged that Donnacona was dead, and then told them that the other chiefs had all become great lords in France, had remained there, and would never return. In token of his good faith he showed them the pretty little daughter of the Huron chief at Hochelaga, whom he had brought back.

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The people had grave doubts. They were sullen and unfriendly. The kidnapping, the inexcusable treachery, had left a bitter sting of wrong in their hearts. Their sullenness grew more cloudy, and very soon signs of absolute hostility were manifested.

Cartier sailed up the river a few leagues above Quebec, where he found a better anchorage; and at the beginning of September he sent two of his vessels back to France with an account of his doings, and to communicate the fact that DelaRogue had not arrived.

He again visited Hochelaga to ascertain whether there were serious obstructions to navigation above that town, and to give back to her father the little Indian princess. He gave to the chief a "Cloak of Paris red, which cloak was set with yellow and white buttons of tin, and small bells."

These acts made a favorable impression upon the Hurons, and they loaded him with favors. After visiting the rapids between Montreal and La Chine, he returned to Quebec, where the temper of the natives was so manifestly hostile that he was admonished to provide for the safety of himself and his followers.

He accordingly built a fort on the island of Orleans, and made his winter quarters there, mooring his vessels in a cove. He waited patiently for the coming of the Viceroy, but he had not appeared when the St. Lawrence was bound with ice. The winter was long, cold and gloomy. The Frenchmen were almost buried in the snow drifts, and suffered much, and when the spring opened, the natives were evidently preparing to attack them.

Their provisions being almost exhausted, and no tidings of DelaRogue reaching him, Cartier left the St. Lawrence toward the end of May, 1542, and sailed to France. Cartier was then about fifty years of age, and seems to have then abandoned the sea, for he afterward lived quietly at St. Malo and a little village nearby, alternately. When and where he died is not known. It is believed that he lived in comparative poverty, and died soon after his return from his third voyage to Canada.

CHAPTER IV.

British Fight Spirited Battles To Successful Conclusion With French For Possession of the Canadian Provinces Under Leadership of Wolfe.

The foregoing account of the early settlement of Canada by the French, together with many more similar accounts, yet fresh in the memory of the people of that period, was no doubt deeply impressed upon the mind of the young Julien Dubuque as he grew up to manhood, together with the glowing descriptions by the missionaries returning from the far west, of the vast extent of its fertile prairies, the richness of its endless herds of bison, moose, elk, antelope and other large game animals, from the pelts of which enormous profits could be realized; its mineral wealth, and agricultural possibilities. No doubt all conspired to ripen in his mind a desire for adventure, to, at sometime in the near future, penetrate into this wonderful far west.

When the white man came, early in the sixteenth century, to make permanent settlements in this country he found the Indians speaking about a hundred different dialects. But there were only eight radically distinct nations. They are known as the (1) Algonquins, (2) Huron Iroquois, (3) Cherokees, (4) Catawbas, (5) Uchees, (6) Natchez, (7) Nobilians or Floridians, and (8) Dakotahs or Sioux.

Algonquin was a name given by the French to a large collection of families north and south of the great lakes, who speaking dialects of the same language, seemed to belong to the same nation. These inhabited the territory now included in all Canada, New England, a part of New York and Pennsylvania, the states of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, eastern North Carolina above Cape Fear, a large portion of Kentucky and Tennessee and all north and west of these states, eastward of the Mississippi river.

Within the folds of the Algonquin nation were the Huron-Iroquois in Canada, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; a few families in southern Virginia and upper North Carolina, and the Iroquois Confederacy in the State of New York.

There is no positive proof as to the time when the Iroquois confederacy was formed. It was probably at the beginning of the fifteenth century, or about a hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic ocean.

When Europeans found it, it was powerful and aggressive. Like old Rome, the state was constantly increasing in area and population, by conquest and annexations. Had the discovery of America by Europeans

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been deferred a century longer, no doubt that republic would have embraced the continent; for the Five Nations, as the league was called, had already extended their conquests from the great lakes on our northern border almost to the Gulf of Mexico, and were the terror of all the other Indian tribes east and west of them. In unity was found their strength. For a time even the French in Canada, who had taught them the use of firearms, maintained a doubtful struggle against them.

"Our wise fathers," said one of their leading Sachems to commissioners of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia in 1744, "established unity and amity among the Five Nations. This has made us formidable. This has given us great weight with our neighboring nations. We are a powerful confederacy; and by observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power. Therefore I counsel you, whatever may befall you, not to fall out with each other."

Like every other nation whose history is unrecorded in books and whose origin is obscure, the Iroquois have colored their traditions of the beginning of the league with the hues of the supernatural or miraculous. Their story is only another form of the old story—older than the ages of history and as widespread as the race. It has come floating down the stream of time from Central Asia, the home of the true Hindo, the Eden, the Paradise, the garden which produced the root of the languages, and the germs of religion and laws of Europe and the Caucasians of this continent. That teeming East is the mother of those historic myths in which figure, in divine grandeur the founders of nations.

Among these is Hi-a-wat-ha the founder of the Iroquois confederacy. Their traditions tell us that this personage whom in later years they revered as the incarnation of wisdom, came from his serene dwelling in the skies and took up his abode with the Onondagas, then the most favored of the Five Nations of the great Iroquois family, living within the domain of the present State of New York.

The Onondagas occupied a central position, the Mohawks and Oneidas being east of them, and the Cayngas and Senecas west of them. Hi-a-wat-ha taught them the art of good living; the value and strength of mutual friendship and good will, and the advantage of having fixed habitations and the cultivation of the earth.

He was yet among them when a band of fierce warriors came down like an icy blast from the land north of the great lakes, slaying everything human in their path. He advised these related nations to call a council of their wisemen for the purpose of forming a league for the common good, to oppose the destructive enemy. His advice was approved and immediately acted upon. The chief men of the Five Nations, followed by their women and children, gathered in great numbers on the banks of the Onondaga Lake. To the representatives of each nation was assigned a particular position in that council, with an appropriate title.

That was a notable gathering of gayly decked savages at the divided line between the woods and the waters. There the grave and dignified Mohawks of the east, met the fierce and fiery Seneca of the west, and all waited in silence for the presence of Hi-a-wat-ha, who appeared on the lake in a mysterious canoe with a beautiful and gentle maiden,

his daughter. He landed on the pebbly shore, and as he and his sweet child ascended the bank, a strange sound was heard in the air—like a wind rushing by. In the far distant sky a white speck was seen, which grew larger and larger as it approached in rapid descent, toward the spot where the great multitude stood. It assumed the shape of a monster bird. (Chinese or Jap Airoplane probably). As it was evident that it was about to fall upon the council ground, the people fled in terror, all but Hi-a-wat-ha and his daughter. "Stand still, my child," he said "it is cowardly to fly from any danger. The decrees of the Great Spirit may not be averted by flight."

He had just ceased speaking, when the bird, an enormous white heron, with extended wings, fell upon the maiden and crushed her to the earth. Its fall was so violent, that its beak and head were buried in the ground and the bird and the maiden both perished.

Hi-a-wat-ha, though so suddenly and awfully bereaved, showed no signs of emotion. Not a muscle was moved by the calamity. He calmly beckoned to the warriors, who came forward and plucked the beautiful white plumes of the dead heron, and each placing one on his head, wore it as a commemorative decoration. Thenceforth, for many generations, it was the custom of the braves of the Five Nations to wear a white heron plume on their heads when going out on the war path, or as a national insignia and memento of the origin of the league.

On removing the body of the bird, no traces of Hi-a-wat-ha's daughter could be found. The disconsolate father was moody for awhile, and the people waited in respectful silence until he aroused himself and proceed to the discharge of his grave duties. He placed himself at the head of the council and guided its action. He was seated on a mossy stone, and was clad in a wolf-skin mantle and a tunic of soft furs that hung from his waist. His arms and legs were bare, and without ornaments, and on his feet were rich moccasins. On his head was a cap formed of a band of soft deer-skin, covered with the small plumage of many colored birds. From this arose a stately pile of feathers of every sort, from those of the white heron and the gray eagle to the smaller ones of the golden oriole and the flaming scarlet tanager. Near him were seated the chief warriors and councillors of the tribes, who joined in the brief debates and listened with profound attention to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of Hi-a-wat-ha. After listening to the discussion, he arose and addressed the people by nations, saying, as he pointed toward the heads of each:

"You (the Mohawks) who are sitting under the shadow of the great tree whose roots sink deep into the earth and whose branches spread wide around, shall be the first nation, nearest the rising of the sun, because you are warlike and mighty.

"You (Oneidas) who recline your bodies against the everlasting stone, emblem of wisdom, that cannot be moved, shall be the second nation, because you always give wise counsel.

"You (The Onondagas) who have your habitation at the foot of the great hills, and are overshadowed by their crags, shall be the third nation, because you are all greatly gifted in speech.

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"You (The Cayngas) the people who live in the open country, and possess much wisdom, shall be the fourth nation, because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans, and making houses.

"You (The Senecas) whose dwelling is in the dark forest nearer the setting sun, and whose home is everywhere, shall be the fifth nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

"Unite, you five nations and have one common interest, and no foe shall disturb or subdue you. You, the people, who are as the feeble bushes, and you who are a fishing people (addressing some who had come from the Delawares and from the seashore) may place yourselves under our protection, and we will defend you. And you of the south and west may do the same—we will protect you. We earnestly desire the alliance and friendship of you all. Brothers, if we unite in this great bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be free, prosperous and happy. But if we remain as we are we shall be subject to his frown. We shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated. We may perish under the war-storm, and our names be no longer remembered by good men, nor repeated in the dance and song. Brothers, these are the words of Hi-a-wat-ha, I have said it. I am done."

The confederation was formed the next day. Then Hi-a-wat-ha's mission to the Iroquois was ended. He gave them more wise advice, and then announced his intention to return to his divine habitation. Whilst the multitude stood in silence and awe, he went down to the water's edge and entered his mysterious canoe. Suddenly the air was filled with delicious music like the warbling of innumerable birds that charmed the senses of the wondering people. Slowly the canoe and its precious burden arose in the air, higher and higher until it was lost in the blue depths to the vision of eager eyes gazing after it until it vanished. Hi-a-wat-ha had returned to the region of the Blessed.



INSPIRATION TAKEN TO GO OUT WEST

Indians at Montreal, trading their valuable furs and peltry for glass beads and brass rings with glass settings.

CHAPTER V.

Fur Trade Builds Up Canadian Provinces and Made Early Settlements Such as Montreal Thriving and Busy Places and Attracted Julien Dubuque.

It was the fur trade which gave early sustenance and vitality to the great Canadian provinces. As the valuable furs became more and more scarce near the settlements, the capital among which was Montreal, the Indians went farther west upon their hunting expeditions.

Every now and then a large body of Ottawas, Hurons and other tribes who hunted the countries bordering on the great lakes would come down in a squadron of light canoes, laden with beaver skins and other spoils of their year's hunting.

Montreal would be alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop bargaining for arms, kettles, knives, blankets, bright colored cloths, and other articles of use or fancy, not among the least of which were glass beads, brass rings with glass settings, and other trinkets, upon all of which, says an old French writer, the merchants were sure to clear 200 per cent. For all of this the Indians were willing to part with the rarest and most valuable furs, in order to obtain the objects of their heart's desire, until all the accumulation of their year's labor had been exhausted, and they returned back to their homes in the far west.



Fr. Marquette meeting the Illinois.

It was on one of these occasions that our young friend, Julien Dubuque, seeing the immense profits to be realized by trading direct with the Indians, received the inspiration which afterward determined him to seek his fortune out west.

Thus came into existence a new class, the Indian Trader, called by the French, Coureurs des Bois, or rangers of the woods.

They were men who had originally gone abroad with the redmen on hunting expeditions, but who saw how a point could be gained upon the merchants at home by going out among the Indians or meeting them in the forests, there to peddle necessities and ornaments from well stocked canoes in exchange for peltries. In their track went out the mis-

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sionaries, for none but an Indian ever went farther than the traders in those days, and eventually the Hudson Bay men, a still later growth crossed the continent in advance of the solitary and devout clergy. When we have considered these actors upon the scene, and have understood that the *coureurs de bois* came to live with the redmen, and created a body of half breeds who were destined to be both white and red in their affiliations and their neutral influence, we may imagine that we can see the vanguard of the host that in time reached Lake Superior.

The first white men to see the lake were *coureurs de bois*, it is safe to say, but the first recorded visits are mainly those of missionaries, of the same stock that are today living adventurous and solitary lives in what is left of the wilderness, now shrinking closer and closer to the arctic region.

"The Soo" was first visited by missionaries in 1641, and they honored the brother of their King by calling the rapids the "Sault de Gaston". Nineteen years afterwards Pire Mesnard conquered the rapids with his canoe and found himself out upon the great waters of Lake Superior. That was in 1660, and what they then called the lake I have not learned; but in 1771, in a map published by the Jesuits, it is inscribed "Lac Tracy, on Supérieur." In the map the neighboring lakes are named Lac des Illinois, and Lac des Hurons.

In 1668 arrived Pire Marquette, that saintly man whose name lives anew in that of a progressive lake port, and whose memory is honored by every intelligent man in all that vast region. He was accompanied by Claude Dablon when, having brought his wasted body there to end his days, as he thought, in a brief attempt to spread the gospel, he landed at the place which he renamed Sault St. Marie, and founded there the first settlement in Michigan. Meprs Chanart and D'Esprit (sieurs des Radison and des Groeslliers) have a record of their visit to the western end of the lake in 1661, six years before Pire Allonez and a company of traders reached there, and eighteen years before DuLhut arrived with a band of *coureurs des bois* to make the neighborhood of the city that bears his altered name his place of residence for several years.

After these, by a great stride over the slow-making pages of history, we come to find that great Hudson Bay company, and its rival the Northwest company of fur traders, conducting a systematized business on the north shore of the lake; while in time the American Fur company, under John Jacob Astor's management, copied the methods of those corporations on the south side.

Trading posts grew into fortified places, trails spread into roads, and settlements around mission houses developed into villages.

The hardships, suffering and disappointment of *coureurs des bois*, who lived in the woods far from civilization, to follow hunting and trapping as a means of livelihood and for profit, particularly when sickness overtook them, and medical assistance was far from their abode is best described in the French Canadian dialect by William McLennan as follows.

"One winter me an' Histe Brouillette, we make mos' six 'hundre' dollar wld de skin w'at we take, and de nex' winter after dat I'll say I'll not 'ave no pardner, jus' we two men for work. One of dose men is Injun feller from the Mission call' Alexis, and de h'odder was de metif call Joe.

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"I'll never go so far on de woods for camp like dat time. We was five days for get h'up after we leave de settlemen', but we've de bully place. an' we buil' good big cabane, an' we do pretty good biznet for the firs' part de winter.

"One Sunday morning—I'll make 'eem some time near Chris'mis—I'll get h'up, light my pipe, an' go h'out for see de wedder. Dat was fine col' day; de sun was show strong, an' de sky was col' an' blue widout no cloud. Den I'll get de bucket, an' go down on de river for get de water, an' w'en I'll get near the 'ole, I'll see do moose truck ha'll fresh an' new, jus like 'e was pass on de 'ole for drink.

"Bagosh! I'll 'ave noddin but my knife, I'll be in my shirt, an' no raquettes but I'll can' 'elp 'eem, dat track 'e was was too strong for me, an' I'll drop de bucket an' start. De snow was pretty t'ick, an' I'll know de moos can' be far h'off, an' I'll run so 'ard I'll can; but w'en I'll come on de place w'ere de tree was t'in, I'll see de moose 'way on de middl' of de clerin' an' dere's no chance. Bagosh! I'll feel bad; but dere's no good. Den I'll fin' myself wid h'all my win' gone, an' so tire I'll be done call dat moose some bad name. I'll start for go back, an' I'll be so dry dat w'en I'll come on de firs' water, I'll break de 'ole on de h'ice, an' I'll drink an' drink. Den I'll go h'om for de camp, but I'll fin' dat ver' long way w'at was so littl' w'en de moose was on de front; an' de wedder was make more col', an' de win' begin for blow, an' bymby I'll feel de shirt dry on my back, an' h'every time 'e touch my skin, 'e make me jump.—Well, bymby, after 'while, I'll get back on de camp, an' I'll fin' de boys 'ome from de traps, an' dey 'ave pretty good catch, an' dey 'ave de break-fas' coog'.

"But I'll not feel like h'eat; my 'ead was 'eavy like 'e was fill' wid sand, an' I'll jus' drink de tea, an' den I'll crawl on my bunk, an' de boys say: 'Wats de matter? You was sick?' But I'll be mos' too sleepy for say noddin; an' I'll 'ear dem talk, an' w'at dey say soun' big on my 'ead, an' bymby I'll go for sleep.—An' I'll t'ink I'll be sleep 'ard and I'll be sleep long; an' w'en I'll wake h'up 'e was h'all dark like de middle of de night, an' I'll not know w'ere I'll be. Dere was big noise go' h'on, an' I'll not know w'at make 'eem. An' I'll be col', an' w'en I'll try for get h'up, I'll fin' I'll can' 'ardly move my leg. Den I'll put h'up by 'an', an' I'll feel de wall, an' I'll know w'ere I'll be.—an' den I'll call, "Joe!" pretty sof', an' nobody say noddin.—Den I'll call "Alexis!" more strong, an' nobody say noddin. An' den I'll get h'out my bunk, an' I'll shake all h'over wid de col', an' my legs dey ben' h'up an' I'll fall h'over on de floor. Den bymby I'll crawl on de h'odder bunk, an' I'll feel on 'eem, an' dere's nobody dere.—I'll crawl h'over on de fire, an' dere's no wood on, jus' a littl' bit of fire, w'at show like some h'eyes on de dark.—Dat was scare me, an' I'll yell H'all de strong I'll be h'able: "Joe! Alexis! Joe!" An' nobody don' say noddin some more. Bagosh! I'll be scare' den for sure. I'll be 'fraid somet'ing arrive on dose boys, an' I'll not be h'able for do no good, an' dey was fall down some place an' dey die. Den de col' come on me some more, an' I'll shake an' shake, an' den I'll be scare' I'll go for be sick sure. I'll t'row some wood on de fire, an' bymby 'e was burn h'up good, an' I'll be warm, an' I'll feel more better; but I'll t'ink on dose boys h'off on de dark, an' dat mos' make me sick on my 'eart. Den I'll say "Melchior, don' you be de baby. Dem boys dey'l h'ol' 'nough for take care demself.—You be get somet'ing ready for dem w'en dey come 'ome."

"An' I'll begin for stir h'up littl'. I'll cut de pork, an' I'll fry good lot, an' I'll boil good big pot tea. An' H'all dat make me feel more good;

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an' de fire burn good, an' de cabane was h'all look warm, an' I'll t'ink dose boys was pretty glad w'en dey see de fire an' smell dat pork an' H'onion w'at I'll cook.

"An'll lis'en for long time, but dere's no soun', an' bymby I'll go on de door an' I'll look h'out, an' dere's no soun' come, h'only de win' w'at begin for rise on de tree an' cry like de h'ol' man on de pine. De moon look sof' an' w'ite like de snow come, an' 'e was ver' dark on de groun'. Den—I'll don' know for w'y—I'll look on de big wood-pile w'at we make near de door, an' I'll see de H'odder toboggan. I'll tink dat funny, an' den e win' strike me col', a' I'll go back on de cabane. 'E was look so warm, an' de fire was burn so good, I'll sit down an' de warm come all h'over me, an' I'll 'mos' forget h'all 'bout de tobaggan, w'e h'all at once somet'ing come—I'll don' know w'at dat was, but jus' de same like on de door,—an' I'll look roun' de wall, an' I'll see h'all de skin w'at was 'ang dere on de stretchers 'es' H'all gone.

"Den I'll jump h'up an' I'll go on my bunk, an' my gun 'es' gone from 'es place, I'll look on de corner an' h'al de requettes 'es' gone too! An' den I'll know w'at arrive. Dem boys tink I'll be sick bad, an' dey steal h'all de skin, an' dey was h'off with everyt'ing, an' lef' me dere by myself for die in de col'. Bagosh! I'll don' care. I'll be so sick an' col' I'll can' 'elp 'eem. I'll jus' sit down an' I'll cry dere on de fire. Den I'll say: "No, bagosh! I'll not die, me! I'll get h'all right, an' I'll 'ave dem two fellers 'ang."

"An' den I'll go h'over on de door, an' I'll bring in de wood, I'll be so pile 'eem H'up on a big pile near de fire till I'll be near dead, I'll be so tire' an' sore. Den I'll drink some de 'ot tea, an' dat make me feel some good, an' I'll say, "Come h'on Melchior, dere's more work for you to-night." An' I'll take de two bucket, an' I'll go down on de river, an' I'll fill 'eem on de 'ole, an' den I'll fin' I'll not be h'able for carry de bot', an' I'll 'ave to lef' de one dere; an' begosh! dat was long time before I'll get dose two bucket on de cabane.

"An' w'en I'll start for fix h'up de door de storm was jus' begin, an' w'en I'll shut de door, 'e feel like I'll was shut h'out de 'ole worl' wid de storm an' de dark and I'll was de h'only man w'at was 'live on de bush wid my fire an' my cabane. An' w'en I'll get de blanket h'out de bunk for pile dem on de floor near de fire, I'll feel like I'll was 'appy, I'll don' know for w'y, an' den I'll get h'all de bread, an' more tea, an' de Pain Killer.

"An' den I'll put more wood on de fire, an' I'll sit dere an' wait.

"Bymby somet'ing was h'ax me w'at I'll was wait for.—Den 'e say: "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' for de boys!" An' 'e say dat h'over an' h'over more non forty time, an' h'every time w'at 'e say dat my 'ead go round, an' my 'ead get more big an' more big, an' sometime I'll see de fire h'all move togedder an' swing de 'ole cabane wid 'eem.—I'll try for say de prayer, an' I'll try for make de—voeu, de promis'—but I'll can' remember noddin' 'cep 'dose h'ol' song w'at my littl' modder teach me w'en I'll be de baby:

"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de defense,
Prenez soin de mes jours."

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"An' dat's h'all. But w'en I'll say dat, de fire stop for move, an' I'll not 'ear dose word some more, an'—dere's one t'ing for sure—dey know w'at I'll h'ax for w'en I'll h'only be h'able for say.

"'Je mets ma confiance.'

"I'll tell you 'ow I'll know dat.

"De firs' night, 'cep' I'll not get de wood an' de water, I'll never be h'able forgot dat sence, ef I'll not cook dose t'ings for de boys, I'll not 'ave nodding for h'eat; den no matter 'ow long I'll sleep, dat don't make nodding for dem; I'll h'always was wake plenty time for roll de wood on de fire, an' de fire never go h'out once; an' one time I'll wake h'up, an' I'll fin' big 'ole burn' on my blanket, an' fire was put h'out 'fore 'e make no bodder; 'e only burn long 'nough for shoe me Dey Lis'en w'en I'll not be h'able for talk no sence, an' H'only can say.

"'Servez moi de defense

Prenez soin de mes jours.'

"I'll not know wedder I'll be dere for t'ree week, or t'ree mont' or t'ree year. I'll can' tell 'ow long I'll sleep. An' 'ef 'e was dark w'en I'll wake h'up I'll not be sure ef 'e's de same night 'e was w'en I'll go for sleep. Sometime I'll wake h'up an' I'll fin' I'll be sit h'up on de fire, an' p'raps I'll be cry like de baby.—One night w'en de fire was burn' low I'll look H'up t'rough de camboose 'ole an' I'll see de star, an' dey look so near like I'll be h'able for touch dem wid my 'an, an' jus' like de littl' baby, I'll put my 'an h'up; but de minute I'll move de star dey dance mile an' mile 'way on de sky, an' I'll jump h'up, an' I'll scream h'out wid fright w'en I'll see de littl' fire an' de black wall of de cabane w'at shut me in. An' after dat I'll never forget w'at I'll be h'all alone, an' dat was de fors' of h'all.

"Nodder time I'll was wake h'up, an' I'll fin' myself kneel' down, an' I'll t'ink I'll be on de church, an' I'll 'ear, de cure' say:

"'Sursum Corda.'

"An' I'll make for answer.

"'Je mets ma confiance,

Vierge, en votre secours.'

"An' I'll see de candle w'at burn on de h'altar like de littl' star, an' I'll 'ear dem sing de Noel; an' den I'll begin for wake h'up littl' more, an' I'll see de light on de h'altar get more small, an' I'll 'ear de noise like de people was go h'out, an' I'll see de candle on de h'altar was go h'out too, firs' one, an' den' nodder, an' ren 'nodder, an' I'll begin for get scare' I'll be lef' dere h'all 'lone, an' I'll go for get h'up an de church, h'all go, de h'altar go, de candle go, an' I'll see h'only de fire, w'at dance h'up an' down like 'e was glad for fool me; an' den h'everything go roun, an' I'll 'ear myself laugh, an' I'll fall down. When I'll wake h'up I'll be col' col', like my 'eart was froze', an' I'll t'ink I'll lie dere, an' try no more; an' den de col' twist me some more, an' I'll look h'ow de fire, an' I'll see dere jus' de w'ite h'ash lef; an' h'outside I'll 'ear de win' on de pine cry like de h'ol' man: "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' fo de boys!" An' I'll crawl h'over on de fire, an' I'll move de h'ash an' dere I'll fin' some fire w'at was 'live yet; an' den I'll crawl h'over on de wall an' I'll pick h'out all de dry moss w'at I'll fin', an' h'all de time I'll be cry like de baby, an' h'all de time de win' call through de wall an' down de camboose 'ole, "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' for de boys!" I'll be so tire' I'll can' go ver' fas', an' h'all de time I'll be 'fraid de fire go h'out, or p'raps I'll go for sleep

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some more an' I'll not get de moose, but bymby I'll 'ave good lot on de ches' of my shirt. But I'll be so tire' I'll can' crawl some more, an' I'll pull myself h'over wid my h'arms till I'll get on de fire, an' h'all de time I'll say de song of de littl' modder:

“Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours.”

“An' dere I'll lie down, an' I'll 'ardly move. Bymby I'll try some more, an' I'll take de smalles' wood w'at I'll fin' near, an' I'll take h'all de moss, an' I'll take de littl' bits pork w'at was lef', an' I'll put dem on de fire, an' I'll wait an' wait. I'll try for blow, but I'll not 'ave no win'. Den I'll say de same song some more, an' bymby firs' de smoke come, an' den de littl' fire likes some littl' snake w'at run h'out an' den l'in, an' after wile de red fire come, an' begin for climb for de roof. De smoke was ver' bad, but de win' don' speak no more, an' I'll put more wood on, an' jus' be near fall sleep w'en I'll 'ear, biz! an' den some more Biz!! an' den I'll see de fire give littl' wriggle, an' den 'e come more fas', Biz! Biz!! Biz!!! an' I'll see dat was some snow w'at melt on de chimbly, ann' de smoke come more worse an' my 'ead begin for make de noise an' go roun', an' I'll jus' begin for say, 'Je mets ma—w'en tr-r-r! down come de snow in a 'eap on de top of de fire an' de fire go, z-z-z-z! an' de smoke go h'all on de cabane, an' I'll can se noddin'; an' I'll 'ear de win' say some more:

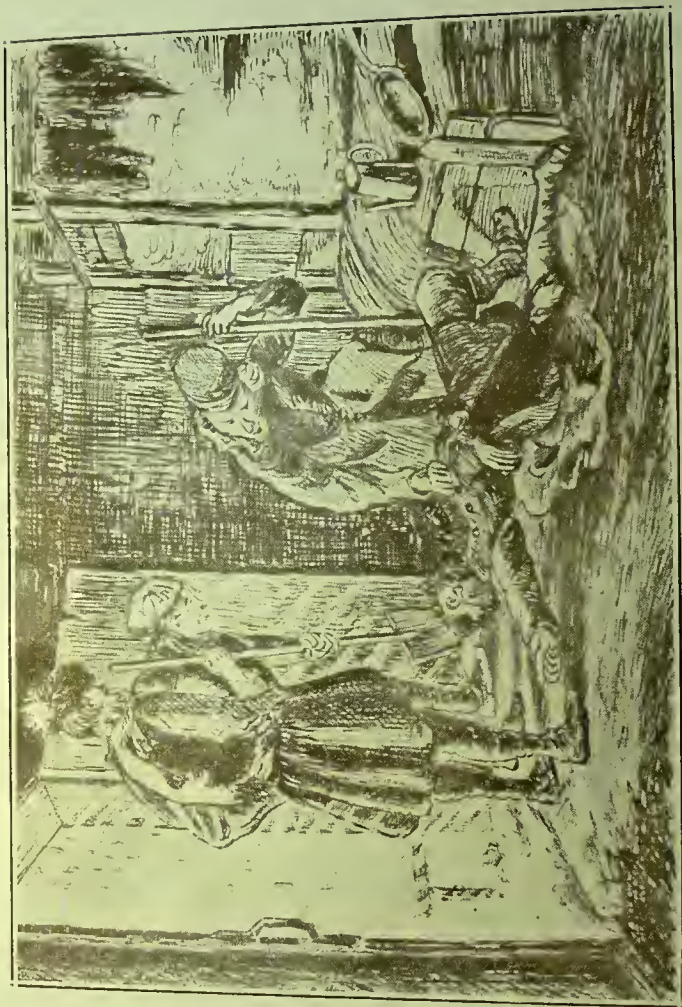
“Dere's no good wait' for de boys!
Dere's no—good—wait—” An' den I'll not know noddin'!

“De nex' t'ing w'at I'll know I'll feel I'll be move—move—move, like somebody was carry me wid deir h'arm h'every place w'ere I'll was tire' an' sore; an' I'll feel de win' on my face, col' an' good, an' den I'll know I'll be dead, an' de h'angel was carry me on le Sain' Paradis an' I'll say h'all sof' to myself:

“Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de defense
Prenez soin de mes jours.”

“An' I'll not h'open my h'eye. I'll jus' feel dem goin' h'on, goin' h'on, an' I'll not t'ink for noddin', jus' be 'appy. Bymby I'll t'ink dere's no 'arm for jus' h'open one h'eye; an' I'll h'open 'eem littl' bit, an' I'll see somet'ing w'at pass quick, an' I'll know dat's de fedder of de h'angel. Den bymby I'll look some more, an' I'll see somet'ing w'at pass some more, an' 'e look like de tree, an' den some more, an' I'll be 'appy, for I'll know of dere's de bush in le Sain' Paradis, I'll be h'all right jus' like 'ere. An' den I'll look down alongside my nose, an' I'll see de skin—bear skin. Well, I'll t'ink dat's fonny; an' I'll wait littl' w'ile, an' den I'll look some more, an' I'll see de skin all right; an' I'll look more far, an' I'll see two men w'at was wak' on front an' pull; an' den I'll try for lif' h'up my 'ead, an' I'll 'ear somehow say, “Ol' on Jim!” An, de feller an' I'll try for h'ax somet'ing, but dey say, “Ere, try dis!” An' dey 'ol' de bottl' on my mout'; an' de minute I'll tas'e 'eem, I'll know 'e's w'iskey, an' I'll not be on le Sain' Paradis' dis time.

“Well, dey don' let me say noddin', an' I'll lie dere on dat toboggan an' sleep mos' de time; an' after four day we get down on the de set-tlemen', an' dey tell me dey was pass on my shanty widout see noddin',



HARDSHIPS OF CANADIAN WINTERS.

showing a rescue by passing trappers, from snowed under cabin.

"An' dey fii' me jus' h'end up de las' h'act."

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de snow was cover h'up de 'ole Boutique—w'en h'all to once dey 'ear like somet'ing fall, an' dey see de smoke come h'out de top of dat pile snow w'at 'id h'everyt'ing; an' dey start for dig for de door, an' dey fin' me jus' h'end up de las' h'act longside de fire w'at was go h'out.

"No, sir; I'll never be able for 'ear nodding on Alexis an' Joe. De pries' on de Mission, 'e say dat don' make nodding; if dey don' be 'ang, dey be sure for burn some day. An' w'en dat day come, I'll not be cry, for sure."

Our Melchoir is to be pardoned for this last expression of his, being the outcry of a wounded heart. He is nothing more than human. When we consider the fickleness and perfidy of man, the deep feeling of disappointment he must have felt, when he discovered he had been forsaken, robbed and left to die, in his helpless condition, by companions in whom he had the most implicit confidence and from whom he had a right to expect that they would stand by each other in time of need. In time of sore distress he clearly demonstrated his firm belief in the efficacy of prayer. He had almost forgotten the simple prayer his little "modder" had taught him when he was a child, but now it came back to him as clear as though it had been but yesterday, and he would try as much of it as he could remember; and lo! his prayer was answered; for "man proposes, but God disposes;" when four strangers with their toboggan laden with furs came down the trail on their way to the settlement and seeing the cabin covered with snow almost to the top, but smoke issuing from the pile of snow, surmised something might be wrong, dug the snow away from the door. There they found our Melchoir in his sad plight, as he afterward himself said, "jus' H'end up de las' H'act," where no doubt he would have died, but for their timely rescue. They brought him safely to the settlement, where by kind treatment and medical aid he was soon restored to health. But the memory of that dreadful experience remained with him through the balance of his lifetime, and he could never quite forgive the rascals who deserted him.

Almost all the early settlers, as they opened up the new country to settlement and cultivation, were subject to fever and ague, a sort of intermittent fever occasioned by the inhaling of miasma arising from the newly broken ground. It would usually manifest itself by cold chills running down one's back, and taking hold of the nervous system to such an extent, that their teeth would chatter in their mouths as in extreme cold. Then would come a change, a high fever would set in, and then turn to perspiration. The sweat would run right out of them. After this being over, the afflicted would become so weak, and so depressed in spirit, that they would be perfectly indifferent as to whether they would live or die. Hardly any one escaped from this malady the first year that ground was broken for cultivation, but after having had it for a season, the system having become acclimated to this condition, they were less liable to get it again.

The Indians used as a remedy a strong tea made of Peruvian bark or other bitter herbs. Afterwards quinine was manufactured, and became in great demand as a specific for curing this evil—and commanded a good price, at every trading post.

CHAPTER VI.

French Make Attempt to Civilize Indians and Win Them Over to Church Through Intermarriage.

From the beginning the French showed a tendency to amalgamate with the forest tribes. At first great hopes were entertained that, by the mingling of French and Indians, the latter would be won over to civilization and the Church; but the effect was precisely the reverse; for the savages did not become French, but the French became savages. Hundreds betook themselves to the forest, nevermore to return. These outflows of French civilization were merged in the waste of barbarism, as a river is lost in the sands of the desert. The wandering Frenchman chose a wife among his Indian friends; and in a few generations, scarcely a tribe of the west was free from an infusion of celtic blood. The French empire in America could exhibit among its subjects every shade of color from white to red, every gradation of culture from the highest civilization of Paris to the rudest barbarism of the wigwam.

The fur-trade engendered that peculiar class of men known as bush rangers, or *courriers de bois*, half civilized vagrants, whose chief vocation was conducting the canoes of the traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior. Many of them, however, shaking loose every tie of blood and kindred, identified themselves with the Indians, and sank into utter barbarism. In many a squalid camp among the plains and forests of the west, the traveller would have encountered men owning the blood and speaking the language of France, yet, in their swarthy visages and barbarous costume, seeming more akin to those with whom they had cast their lot.

The renegade of civilization caught the habits and imbibed the prejudices of his chosen associates. He loved to decorate his long hair with eagle feathers, to make his face hideous with vermilion, ochre, and soot, and to adorn his greasy hunting frock with horse-hair fringes. His dwelling, if he had one, was a wigwam. He lounged on bear-skin while his squaw boiled his venison and lighted his pipe. In hunting, in dancing, in singing, in taking a scalp, he rivalled the genuine Indian. His mind was tinctured with the superstitions of the forest. He had faith in the magic drum of the conjuror; he was not sure that a thunder cloud could not be frightened away by whistling at it through the wing bone of an eagle; he carried the tail of a rattle snake in his bullet-pouch by way of amulet, and he placed implicit trust in his dreams. This class of men is not yet extinct. In the cheerless wilds beyond the northern lakes, or among the mountain solitudes of the distant west, they may still be found unchanged in life and character, from that time to this.

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The borders of the English colonies displayed no such phenomena of mingling races; for here a thorny and impracticable barrier divided the white man from the red. The English fur-traders and the rude men in their employ, showed, it is true, an ample alacrity to fling off the restraints of civilization; but though they become barbarians, they did not become Indians; and scorn on the one side and hatred on the other still marked the intercourse of the hostile races. With the settlers of the frontier it was much the same. Rude, fierce, and contemptuous, they daily encroached upon the hunting-grounds of the Indians, and then paid them for the injury with curses and threats. Thus the native population shrank back from before the English, as from before an advancing pestilence; while on the other hand, in the very heart of Canada, Indian communities sprang up, cherished by the government, and favored by the easy-tempered people.

About the time Julien Dubuque was born, Canada had been surrendered to the British Crown. The Battle and surrender of Quebec in 1759 was still fresh in the minds of the people, which had been accomplished by one General Wolfe who early in June sailed up the St. Lawrence with a force of eight thousand men and formed his camp immediately below Quebec on the Island of Orleans. From thence he could discern, at a single glance, how arduous was the task before him.

Piles of lofty cliffs rose with sheer ascent on the northern border of the river; and from their summits the boasted citadel of Canada looked down in proud security, with its churches and convents of stone, its ramparts, bastions, and batteries; while over them all, from the brink of the precipice towered the massive walls of the Castle of St. Louis. Above, for many a league, the bank was guarded by an unbroken range of steep activities. Below, the river St. Charles, flowing into the St. Lawrence, washed the base of the rocky promontory on which the city stood. Lower yet lay an army of fourteen thousand men, under an able and renowned commander, the Marquis of Montcalm. His front was covered by intrenchments and batteries, which lined the banks of the St. Lawrence; his right wing rested on the city and the St. Charles; his left on the cascade and deep gulf of Montmorence; and thick forests extended along his rear.

Opposite Quebec rose the high promontory of Point Levi; and the St. Lawrence, contracted to less than a mile in width, flowed between with deep and powerful current.

To a chief of less resolute temper, it might well have seemed that art and nature were in league to thwart his enterprises; but a mind like that of Wolfe could only have seen in this majestic combination of forest and cataract, mountain and river, a fitting theatre for a great drama about to be enacted there.

Yet nature did not seem to have formed the young British general for the conduct of a doubtful and almost desperate enterprise. His person was slight, and his features by no means of martial cast. His feeble constitution had been undermined by years of protracted and painful disease.

His kind and genial disposition seemed better fitted for the quiet of domestic life than for the stern duties of military command; but to these gentle traits lie joined a high enthusiasm, and an unconquerable spirit of daring and endurance, which made him the idol of his soldiers, and bore his slender frame through every hardship and exposure. The work

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before him demanded all his courage. How to invest the city, or even bring the army of Montcalm to action, was a problem which might have perplexed a Hannibal.

A French fleet lay in the river above, and the precipices along the northern bank were guarded at every accessible point, by sentinels and outposts. Wolfe would have crossed the Montmorence by its upper ford, and attacked the French army on its left and rear; but the plan was thwarted by the nature of the ground and the vigilance of his adversaries.

Thus baffled at every other point, he formed the bold design of storming Montcalm's position in front; and on the afternoon of the thirty-first of July, a strong body of troops was embarked in boats, and, covered by a furious cannonade from the English ships and batteries, landed on the beach just above the mouth of the Montmorence. The grenadiers and Royal Americans were the first on shore, and their ill-timed impetuosity proved the ruin of the plan. Without waiting to receive their orders or form their ranks, they ran, pell-mell across the level ground, and with loud shouts began, each man for himself, to scale the heights which rose in front, crested with intrenchments and bristling with hostile arms. The French at the top threw volley after volley among the hot-headed assailants. The slopes were soon covered with the fallen; and at that instant a storm, which had long been threatening, burst with sudden fury, drenched the combatants on both sides with a deluge of rain, extinguished for a moment the fire of the French, and at the same time made the steeps so slippery that the grenadiers fell repeatedly in their vain attempts to climb. Night was coming on with double darkness. The retreat was sounded, and, as the English re-embarked, troops of Indians came whooping down the heights, and hovered about their rear, to murder the stragglers and the wounded; while exulting cries of *Vive le Roi*, from the crowded summits, proclaimed the triumph of the enemy. With bitter agony of mind, Wolfe beheld the headlong folly of his men, and saw more than four hundred of the flower of his army fall a useless sacrifice. The anxieties of the siege had told severely upon his slender constitution; and not long after the disaster, he felt the first symptoms of a fever, which soon confined him to his couch. Still his mind never wavered from its purpose; and it was while lying helpless in the chamber of a Canadian house, where he had fixed his headquarters, that he embraced the plan of the enterprise which robbed him of life, and gave him immortal fame.

This plan had been first proposed during the height of Wolfe's illness, at a council of his subordinate generals, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray. It was resolved to divide the little army, and, while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy of false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass above the town, land under cover of darkness on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground, and perhaps to offer battle. The scheme was daring even to rashness; but its audacity was the secret of its success.

Early in September, a crowd of ships and transports, under Admiral Holmes, passed the city under the hot fire of its batteries; while the troops designed for the expedition, amounting to scarcely five thousand, marched upward along the southern bank, beyond reach of the cannonade. All were then embarked; and on the evening of the twelfth,

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Holmes' fleet with the troops on board, lay safe at anchor in the river, several leagues above the town.

These operations had not failed to awaken the suspicions of Montcalm; and he had detached M. Bougainville to watch the movements of the English, and prevent their landing on the northern shore.

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear, and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorence had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" which had recently appeared and which he had just received from England. Perhaps as he uttered these strangely appropriate words,—“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”—the shadows of his own approaching fate stoie with mournful prophecy across his mind.

“Gentlemen,” he said as he closed his recital, “I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec tomorrow.”

As they approached the landing place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blankness.

“*Qui vive?*” shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

“*La France!*” answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

“A quel *re'giment?*” demanded the soldier.

“*De la Reine!*” promptly replied the Highlander Captain, who chanced to know that the regiment so designated formed part of Bougainville's command.

As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed. A few moments after, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skillful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery. They reached the landing place in safety, an indentation in the shore about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom.

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"You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him, "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald MacDonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quietly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms and the dark red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm and far and near his wide extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation.

He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers, and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; whereon that disastrous morning, the news of their successful tenacity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence.

"They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers."

With headlong haste his troops were pouring over the bridge of St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces, the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces, less than five thousand in number, but all inured in battle, and strong in the full assurances of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant spattering fire.

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Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to dampen the spirit of the assailants. It was not until the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob. order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them.

The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive. In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed and wounded, and taken prisoner. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his corps, arrived from the upper country, and hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisbourg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, a ball pierced his side. Still he pushed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked him if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with a torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet

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they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke.

"See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets.

"Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep.

"The enemy, sir," was the reply; "They give way everywhere."

"Then," said the dying general, "Tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now God be praised. I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeon told him that he could not recover.

"I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said, "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions.

"I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me."

The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. He died before midnight and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bomb shell.

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered.

On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock built Citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters. Canada, crippled and dismembered by the disasters of this year's campaign, lay waiting as it were, the final stroke which was to extinguish her last remains of life, and close the eventful story of French dominion in America. Her limbs and her head were lopped away, but life still fluttered at her heart. Quebec, Niagara, Frontenac, and Crown Point had fallen; but Montreal and the adjacent country still held out, and thither, with the opening season of 1760 the British commanders turned all their energies. Three armies were to enter Canada at three separate points, and, conquering as they advanced, converge towards Montreal as a common center. In accordance with this plan, Sir Jeffrey Amherst embarked at Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence with ten thousand men; while Colonel Haviland advanced by way of Lake Champlain and the River Sorel, and General Murray ascended from Quebec, with a body of the veterans who had fought on the Plains of Abraham.

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By a singular concurrence of fortune and skill, the three armies reached the neighborhood of Montreal on the same day. The feeble and disheartened garrison could offer no resistance, and on the eighth of September, 1760, the Marquis De Vandrenil surrendered Canada, with all its dependencies, to the British Crown.

After the fall of Montreal and the surrender of Canada to the British there was a great influx of French Canadians to the far west, and by the time Julien Dubuque started on his westward journey, there was a well defined and regular beaten path followed by nearly all travellers who had heard of the great "Father of Waters" and were heading that way to explore and settle in the new and wonderful country.

As the sea had its ports, so also, the forest had its places of rendezvous and outfit. Of these, by far the most important in the northern provinces was the frontier city of Albany.

From thence it was that traders bound for the distant wilds of the interior, set out upon their arduous journey. Embarking in a *bateau* or a canoe, rowed by the hardy men who earned their livelihood in this service, the traveller would ascend the Mohawk, passing the Old Dutch town of Schenectady, the two seats of Sir William Johnson, Fort Hunter at the mouth of the Schoharie, and Fort Herkimer at the German Flats, until he reached Fort Stanwix at the head of the river navigation. Then crossing overland to Wood Creek, he would follow its tortuous course, overshadowed by the dense forest on its bank, until he arrived at the little fortification called the Royal Blockhouse and the waters of Oneida Lake spread before him.

Crossing to its western extremity and passing under the wooden ramparts of Fort Brewerton, he would descend the river Oswego to Oswego on the banks of Lake Ontario. Here the vast navigation of the Great Lakes would be open before him. Julien Dubuque would pass from Two Rivers up the north shore of St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario, where he would take passage on a *bateau* or by canoe work his way along the north shore of that lake, until he would arrive at the foot of the Cathedral of Niagara, at Niagara, where navigation was interrupted by this difficult portage. Two or three Canadians, or half-breeds, of whom there were numbers about the fort, would carry the canoe on their shoulders, or, for a bottle of whiskey, a few Indians might be bribed to undertake the task. Even if new canoes could be engaged above the falls, all the luggage, camping outfits and provisions, would have to be packed the distance of the portage from below the falls, which lay generally through the woods and along the banks to a safe place for re-embarkation above the falls. The Indians would prepare packs for themselves weighing upward of one hundred pounds, which they rolled in their blankets and secured with a strap which passed over their forehead, allowing the pack to rest on their shoulders. On top of this they would place the birch bark canoe, bottom upwards, resting it on the pack by means of a cross bar, and thus loaded start through what seemed a trackless forest; at a lively pace, up hill and down, over logs and bogs they would go, the undergrowth so dense that one could hardly see where to set his feet. Julien Dubuque had hard work to keep up with them. Guided only by the white bottoms of the canoe in front of him, he would bark his shins, or scratch his face on the rough limbs, panting for breath, the perspiration flowing in rivulets from every pore, and bitten by countless mosquitoes, until it seemed he could proceed no further; still the guides trotted along with their burdens, showing not the least sign of fatigue. At

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last, however, as he was about to drop from sheer exhaustion, the guides halted and deposited packs and canoe on the ground, rolled out from under them with a smile of satisfaction of having accomplished their task, and earned their reward. They were paid off and returned to the fort. The party pitched their tents on higher ground, where after a rest, fires were built and a meal prepared which all greatly relished, after their hard day's tramp through this, the longest and most difficult portage.

On Lake Erie he might visit the neighboring fort of Sandusky, or steer through the straits of Detroit and explore the watery wastes of the Northern Lakes, finding occasional harborage at the little Military posts which commanded their important points. Most of the western posts were transferred to the English during the autumn of 1760.

The feeble garrisons of all those western posts, exiled from civilization, lived in the solitude of military hermits. Through the long hot days of summer, and the protracted cold of winter, time hung heavy on their hands. Their resources of employment and recreation were few and meagre. They found pastime in their loneliness among the young beauties of the Indian camp. They hunted and fished, shot at targets, and played at games of chance; and, when by good fortune, a traveler found his way among them, he was greeted with hearty and open handed welcome, and plied with eager questions touching the great world from which they were banished men.

At Detroit there were in 1768 more than one hundred houses, and the river was settled for more than twenty miles, although poorly cultivated,—the people being engaged in the Indian trade.

Detroit is the oldest town in the northwest, having been founded by Antoine De Lamotte Cadillac, 1707. It was laid out in the form of an oblong square, of two acres in length, and an acre and a half in width, bordered in front by the Detroit River. It was surrounded by oak and cedar pickets, about fifteen feet long, set in the ground, and had four gates,—east—west—north and south. Over the first three of these gates were blockhouses provided with four guns apiece, each a six pounder. Two six gun batteries were planted fronting the river and in a parallel direction with the blockhouses. There were four streets running east and west, the main street being twenty feet wide and the rest fifteen feet, while the four streets crossing these at right angles were from ten to fifteen feet in width. There was no fort within the enclosure, but a citadel on the ground corresponding to the present northwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street.

The citadel was enclosed by pickets, and within it were erected barracks of wood, two stories high, sufficient to contain ten officers, and also barracks sufficient to contain four hundred men, and a provision store built of brick. The citadel also contained a hospital and guard house. The old town of Detroit, in 1778 contained about sixty houses, most of them of one story with a few story and a half in height. They were all of logs, some hewn and some round. There was one building of splendid appearance called the "Kings Palace" two stories high, which stood near the east gate. It was built for Governor Hamilton, the first governor commissioned by the British. There were two guard houses, one near the west gate and the other near the Government House. Each of the guards consisted of twenty-four men and a subaltern, who mounted regularly every morning between nine and ten o'clock. Each furnished four sentinels, who were relieved every two hours. There was also an

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officer of the day, who performed strict duty. Each of the gates was shut regularly at sunset. Even wicket gates were shut at nine o'clock, and all the keys were delivered into the hands of the commanding officer. They were opened in the morning at sunrise. No Indian or squaw was permitted to enter town with any weapon, such as a tomahawk or a knife. It was a standing order that the Indians should deliver their arms and instruments of every kind before they were permitted to pass the sentinel, and they were restored to them on their return. No more than twenty-five Indians were allowed to enter the town at any one time, and they were admitted only at the east and west gates. At sundown the drums beat and all the Indians were required to leave town instantly. There was a council house, near the water side for the purpose of holding council with the Indians. The population of the town was about sixty families, in all about two hundred males and one hundred females. This town was destroyed by fire, all except one dwelling, in 1805.

This same Governor Hamilton during his command of the British frontier posts, had offered prizes to the Indians for all the scalps of Americans they would bring to him, and had earned in consequence thereof the title "Hair-buyer General," by which he was ever afterwards known.

CHAPTER VII.

Brave Frenchman Undertook Trying And Hazardous Journeys To Reach the Middle West From the Canadian Settlement.

The voyage is continued northward, keeping closely to the western shore until the Pointe Aux Barquas is reached. Here they must cut across the larger body of water and venture out further from shore, in order to save time; the weather is propitious, there is scarcely a cloud in the sky or a ripple on the waters of the lake, and they speed along over the placid waters in the large birch bark canoe at a rapid pace, until almost sight is lost of the fast receding shore line; they call a halt for a moment to get their bearings, the reverent father stands up to get a better view of the distant point they intend to make, he discerns the place with an experienced eye, having been over the route many times before and gives his directions.

"You are right!" Monsieur Dubuque replied. The one addressed as the Rev Father seated himself on the thwart of the boat, in whose bow he had been standing. "Bend to it, mes amis!" he said.

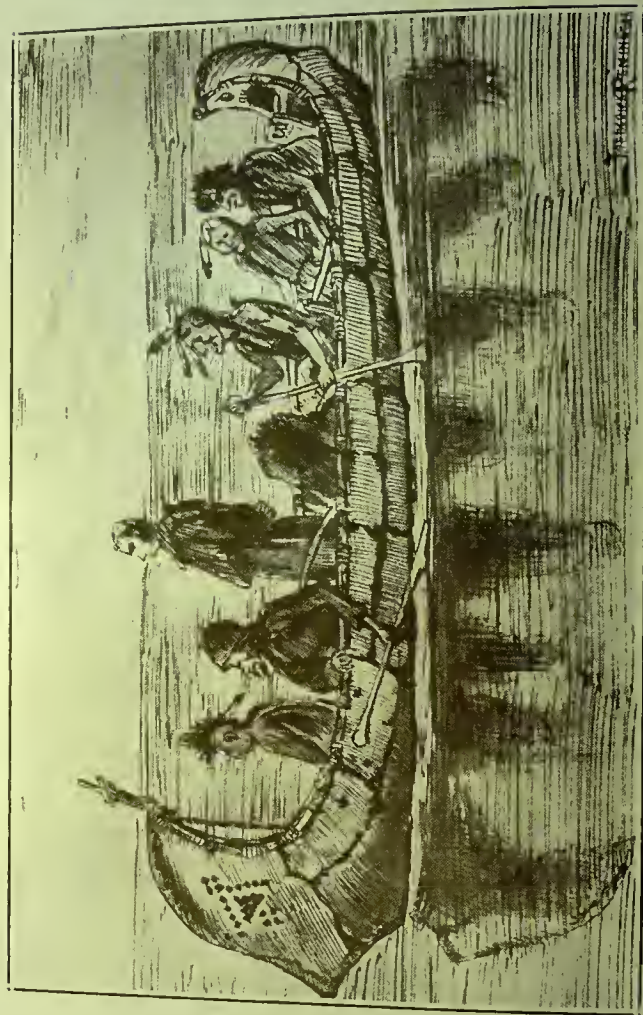
Julien Dubuque turned about on the seat, gazing back over the distance their frail craft had brought him and his companions thus far on the longest journey he had ever undertaken. Four stalwart paddlers there were for this great canoe du Nord, and steadily enough they sent the thin shelled craft along over the curling blue waves of the great inland sea. And now their voices in one accord fell into the cadences of an ancient boat song of New France:

"En roulant ma boule roulant

Roulant, rouler, maboule, roulant."

The ictus of the measure marked time for the sweeping paddles, and under the added impetus the birch bark sheel reinforced as it was by closely laid splints of cedar, and braced by the fibre fastened thwarts—fairly glided through the waves as the stalwart paddlers sent it flying forward in the direction indicated by the Reverend Father. A tiny streak of white showed about the bows, and now and then a splashing spray came inboard, as some little whitecap was divided by the rush of the swiftly moving prow.

"We shall not arrive too soon my friend," rejoined the headman of the voyageurs casting an eye back across the great lake, which now lay black and ominous against a threatening sky—the sweep and swirl of its white caps ever racing hard after the frail craft, as though eager to break through its birch bark sides, containing the human beings who



ON LAKE HURON
with Four Stalwart Paddlers in the great Canoe du Nord.

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thus sped on so lightly. This boat, mysteriously appearing as though it were some spirit craft called from the ancient deeps, was far from the starting points of the beginning of its wild journey. As far as the eye might reach, there was no other, or similar craft to be seen.

They were alone, these voyageurs. Before them at the entrance of the wide arm of the great Lake Michiganon, lay the point even at that early day known as the Door of the West the beginning of the winding waterways which led on into the interior of the west, then so alluring and so unknown. The eyes of all were fixed on the low, white fronted bluffs, crowned by dark forest growth, which guarded the bay at either hand. This spot, so wild, so remote, so insignificant, it was home for these travellers as much as any. In time the graceful craft approached the leach, on which the long waves rolled and curled, now gently, now with imposing force.

And so they proceed along successfully following the western bank of the lake, a safe distance from shore, until they arrive at its north-westerly extremity, where they make a halt, at the fort, on the island of Mackinac at the entrance of Lake Michigan. Coming westward, the roundabout tour of the lakes is chosen because of the easier mode of travel in the large canoe or bateau, the many opportunities afforded by the forest and their settlements for rest and protection, and the replenishment of their stock of provisions, in exchange for articles of commerce needed by the settlers; and also the better security against being attacked by hostile Indians. But on the return trip east, a straight cut would be taken from this point east across the northern end of Lake Huron, following the North Passage into Georgian Bay, then portage and Lake Nipissing, to Fu Matawan, on the Ottawa River, thence down that river to Montreal.

In winter time this route would be taken, on snow shoes, (Raquettes) drawing their packs after them on the toboggan, which would bring them to the headwaters of Lake Huron via Ft. William almost in a direct east and west line, and shortest distance. The route taken to the Island of Mackinac is the place where Paul Beaulien was born. His father was a Frenchman in the employ of the American Fur company of which John Jacob Astor was the head, and his mother was an Indian Squaw.

He received a liberal education partly in the government school at Mackinac and partly at Montreal. On leaving school he was employed by the Fur company and sent all over the country. He settled early on the upper Mississippi. He was an intelligent interpreter and possessed a fund of information concerning the Indians of this part of the country.

Julien Dubuque, with two other French Canadians, supposed to have been Basil Giard and Pierre Antaya, started westward from Mackinac on their voyage toward the Mississippi River. They passed through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan. The name of this large and splendid body of inland waters is derived from the Chippewas or Ojibwac language, michi-vast; gummi-water; vast water or Great Lake. Among the first they paddled along near the northern shore westward and entered Green Bay, passing thence up the Fox River and into Lake Winnebago to a village of the Niamis, and Kickapoos. Here they were greeted by one of the Chiefs who received them most hospitably and they were shown every mark of friendship and attention. They remained for some time among them.

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Julien Dubuque had made the long and dangerous run from Montreal up the lakes past Michilimackinac, down the lake of Michigan and headed toward the interior of a new continent, which was then, as for generations after these, the land of wondrous distances, of grand enterprises, of magnificent promises and immense fulfillments.

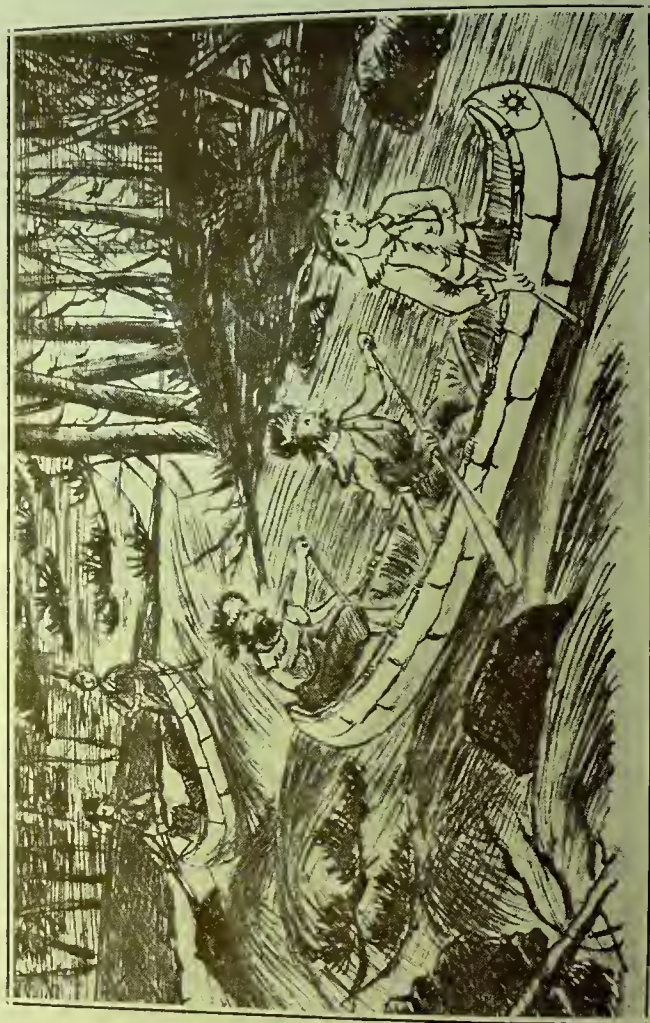
The best is before us now. Assuredly the best is always that which is ahead and which is unknown, but in point of fact the hardest of our journey is over, for henceforth we may stretch our legs and hunt and fish—it was with this feeling that the travelers reached this point.

Julien Dubuque here drank of the mineral waters, and was instructed by the Indians in the secret of a root, which cures the bite of the venomous rattle snake.

He made his desire to push westward to the Mississippi known to the chief, who at once procured for him two splendid birch bark canoes from one of the sub-chiefs and furnished him with two Miami guides to conduct him over the portage to the headwaters of the Wisconsin river. A Chippewa Indian would say in his language "Oma Mikunna"—here is the portage of the Indians from the upper Lake Region "Ki-wi-wai-non-ing," a place where a portage is made. They set out from the Indian village, amidst a great crowd of natives who had assembled to witness their departure, the guides having conducted them across the portage. They launched their canoes upon the Wisconsin river. The Indian guides took them up the Wisconsin twenty miles to view the wonderful scenery of the Dells of Wisconsin, before proceeding on their downstream journey, and then began the descent. They were soon concealed by the projection of the bank, under the brow of which they moved swiftly in the direction of the course of the waters. The low bushes and overhanging branches of the trees were waving with the eddies of the current as their canoes silently, or swiftly moved along over the rapid current, with every nerve alert, leaving behind them the experience of the past, and looking hopefully forward to overcome every impeding obstacle which came in their way. The guidance of the canoes was left with implicit confidence to the guides, who with wonderful skill and dexterity guided the frail craft around and clear of the rocks into deep water with a readiness that showed their knowledge of the route they held.

Now the river was confined between high cragged rocks, and again it would spread out to wider proportions, and so they labored on with their faithful guides for several days, stopping only to prepare their meals or the camping for the night. In the morning they would again apply themselves to their arduous task. Now the river became more confined between precipitous bluffs. The scenery seemed to have changed. Tall trees appeared to grow on the very brows of the precipices, the stream running through a deep and narrow dell. They were passing through scenery similar to the famous dells of Wisconsin. They admired the grandeur of the scenery, and what wonders nature had wrought in this locality, but hurried along on their journey and soon perceived the valley widening and a larger body of water ahead. They then came in sight of the great Mississippi river.

What emotions must have swelled their breasts as they struck out into the broadening current and became conscious that they were now upon the bosom of the Father of Waters. They were now at their journey's end. The hopes of their ambitions had been realized, and they settled down in this place for a time of well earned rest. They hunted and



CANOEING DOWN THE HEADWATERS
of the Wisconsin River.

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fished and explored the surrounding country on their hunting expeditions, and freely used their canoes in getting acquainted with the great river. They soon became known to, and traded with the Indians.

In the year 1785 Julien Dubuque established himself in Prairie du Chien, where he, Basil Giard, and Pierre Antaya were among the number of the first inhabitants of that locality.

On June 17, 1673, Marquette and Joliet, the former a Jesuit missionary, reached the junction of the Wisconsin with the Mississippi, a little above which Prairie du Chien stands today.

Seven years later, in 1680, Father Hennepin and M. Dugay explored the Mississippi from the mouth of the Illinois river northward, and on ascending and descending the river passed the site of the present town. There is a well authenticated tradition that Jesuit missionaries had visited the country during the twenty years previous to Marquette's expedition, and had established a number of missions among the Indians of the Mississippi valley. At an early day a Jesuit mission was established on the present site of Prairie du Chien, and later it became a French trading post. But Prairie du Chien and the surrounding country have an unwritten history extending back into the remote past, only a few traces of which still remain.

Before the invasion of the white race, it was the home of the Kickapoos and other tribes of Indians. Going back still farther into the dim past, the unknown race designated as Mound Builders seems to have made this a favorite locality. In Crawford county, more than in any other part of Wisconsin, are found traces of their work. The antiquity of these mounds is undoubtedly remote, for frequently what is known as the "virgin forest" is found growing upon them. The mounds found in Crawford county are of various forms and sizes. One of the largest and highest existed at Prairie du Chien, and was leveled in order to furnish a site for a fort. It was about twenty feet in height, with a base of two hundred feet. Another mound of similar form and dimensions stood within the old fort of which Crawford was the successor.

The circular form is the most common of these tumuli, though there are many different shapes. Some are built like walls or breastworks, with open spaces like gates. Others take the form of a serpent; still others that of a bird or beast; while some few mounds resemble a man lying on his face. These latter are from three to four feet high. On the shores of the Mississippi and Wisconsin, on the beach lands and highest peaks of the bluffs, these mounds are, or rather were, very numerous, and easily discernible from the river. Some of the mounds of Prairie du Chien present a different soil from that on which they are built, more like it having been discovered within several miles, thus indicating that the soil must have been brought from a considerable distance.

In no instance is there the appearance of the earth of which they are composed having been dug from the side of, or even near them. Sometimes the spot on which the mound stands has a natural elevation. Sometimes the spot, on the south-west angle of Prairie du Chien, is itself about ten feet high, while the hillock which it occupies gives it the appearance of being at least twice that height. From the top of this mound an extensive view may be obtained of the low bottom lands and lakes which lie between the channels of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, giving it the appearance of having been a watch-tower. It is scarcely probable, however, that they were all military defenses.

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The supposition is more plausible that many of them were religious symbols, the mounds serving perhaps as altars. There is no positive evidence that they were all built as tombs for the dead, for, though human remains have been found in some of them, others such as the effigy mounds, and those appearing like breastworks for defense, have in most cases contained none.

We may divide the tumuli or mounds into four classes, as follows: Conical tumuli, elongate mounds, pyramidal mounds, and effigy mounds.

Conical tumuli comprise all those rounded artificial heaps or hills which seem to have been carried up for some special purpose, and as these are the most numerous of all the different kinds of mounds, they were probably for the burial of the dead. The effigy mounds are singular earthen structures designed to perpetuate the remembrance of some great event in the history of the people who reared them, and in most cases represent the names of the tribes, whose prowess and achievements they commemorate; such as the Elephants, the Elks, the Bears, the Foxes, the Alligators, the War Eagle and many others.

The most noted of these is the Elephant Mound, which is found several miles south of Prairie du Chien. It is located in a long rectangular depression, the level of which is only a few feet above high water. The Elephant figure lies with its feet toward the east, and its head toward the south. Plowing over the ground for a number of years has considerably reduced the size of the elephant figure, and has rendered the outline of portions of the head and back somewhat indistinct. The mound is gently rounded on the top, the highest point being at the hip, where the mound is nearly four feet high. The length of the body is 140 feet. The legs are each 15 feet wide at the base. This noted mound is represented and described in many histories and geologies of the United States, as well as in many histories of the North American Indians.

A very interesting group of mounds is found two miles south of Cassville, in Wisconsin. The Foxes were here ambushed and slaughtered by the Sioux, who had invited them to a council at Prairie du Chien. They were all killed but two, who although seriously wounded, escaped to get home and tell the remnant of their people what had happened, as this massacre occurred on the Cassville Island. I do not know positively whether these effigy mounds were built by their people at that time, to perpetuate their bravery and deeds of heroism, or not, at any rate they are very near the island where this happened, and may have reference to this battle between the Sioux and the Foxes. These mounds are about two miles south of Cassville in a gravel pit, the railroad running right through the group, and are now nearly destroyed, gravel having been hauled away from there so that they are hardly recognizable. The top of the bluff overlooking East Dubuque is dotted over with ancient mounds of very unusual symmetry, and some of them above the usual size for this part of the country.

The mound to the right of the second row of mounds met with on ascending the southern slope of the bluffs is the most interesting feature of the group. The largest mound was carefully examined. Two feet below the surface was a skeleton. Near the original surface several feet north of the center were six or eight skeletons of various sizes. About ten or twelve feet from the center was one of the largest skeletons unearthed in the United States. With it were some crescent shaped pieces of roughly hammered copper, varying from six to ten inches in length. Around the neck was a series of bear's teeth. There were also some of

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these teeth upon the wrists. Lying across the thighs were many small copper beads, and a lance head over eleven inches long.

The mound just west of the largest mound was peculiarly constructed. A double row of flat stones were set on edge about a foot apart at the bottom, and arranged to meet at the top in a roof shaped arch led from the center to the outside of the mound. In the mound were found masses of burnt earth and charred human bones, mingled with charcoal and ashes. The construction of the interior, and the skeletons arranged in sitting posture, are very interesting.

The first six feet consisted of a hard gray mortar like composition; beneath this was a crypt thirteen feet long, seven feet wide and five feet high, covered with a layer of logs for a roof. Three feet from each end of the vault was a partition, this leaving a central chamber seven feet square and a narrow cell at each end. The central chamber contained eleven skeletons, arranged sitting around a large drinking cup and numerous pieces of pottery. The end cells were filled with a fine chocolate colored dust, which was probably the ashes resulting from burning the fleshy portions of the individuals in the central chamber. The people who built these mounds were formerly supposed to have been a race entirely distinct from the North-American Indians, but more recent investigations shows that mounds were built by the Indians who lived here, for the burial of the dead, until the time the white people came and settled among them.

CHAPTER VIII

Julien Dubuque Works Upon Superstitions of Indians And Soon Gains Wonderful Influence Over Them By Use of Strategy and Cunning.

Julien Dubuque, being a young man, active and of a lively disposition, soon became known to the Indians in and around the neighborhood of Prairie du Chien, and in a short time obtained an astonishing influence with the savages. Making himself familiar with all their superstitions, he was able by means of ingenious artifices, and magic conjurations, to impose on them to such an extent, that he became to them a veritable idol, and his ascendancy over them, exceeded that of their sorcerers and jugglers.

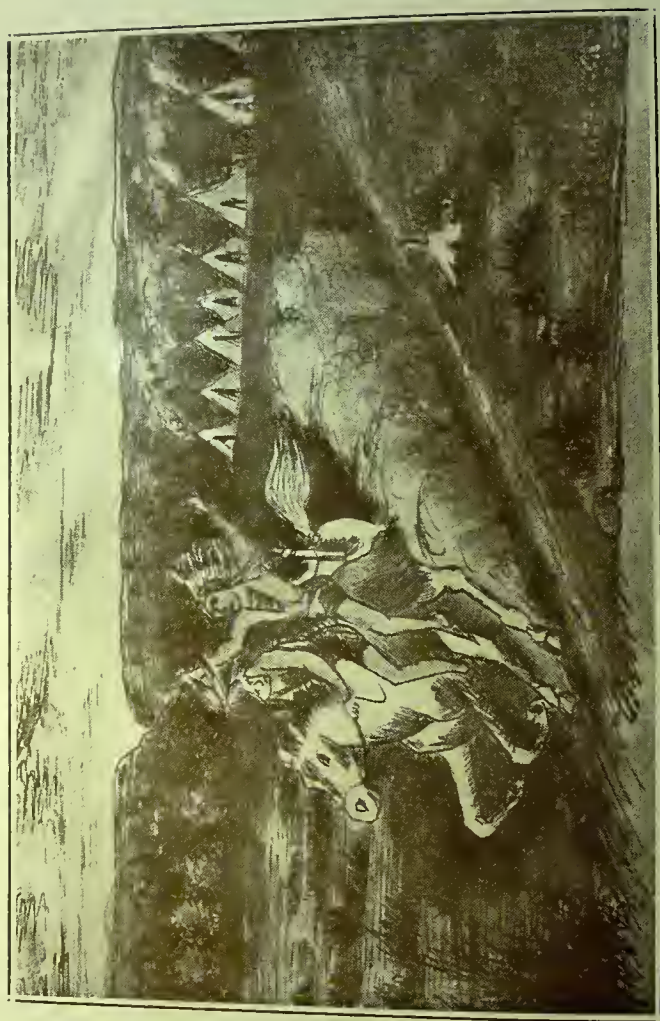
One of the causes for the admiration which the savages had for Dubuque was that he possessed, or pretended to possess, an antidote for the poison of the rattlesnake, which infested all the surrounding country, no doubt, making use of his knowledge gained from the friendly Miami chief, regarding a certain root, known to them, as an antidote against the venomous bite of the rattlesnake, while he was with them at his village on Lake Winnebago.

Beltrami relates that a very respectable man, a friend of Dubuque's, tried to persuade him that the latter was in the habit of taking these dangerous reptiles in his hands, and speaking to them in a mysterious language which rendered them docile to his voice, and as inoffensive as doves.

Beltrami made his informant understand that he was not credulous enough to believe that Dubuque had the power to fascinate these serpents. This would be crediting him with more empire over the rattlesnakes than the Canadian had of whom Chateaubriand speaks, and who, a new Orpheus, on the banks of the Genesee, fascinated one of these serpents by the harmonious sounds of his flute.

Such was the confidence which the savages had in Dubuque that they chose him as arbiter in all their differences. His decisions were regarded as Oracles, the wisdom of which it was not permitted to doubt.

One day, two Indians, under the influence of whiskey, seized a stray horse and getting on his back rode wildly across the prairie. Suddenly the horse, out of breath, sank down, and rolling over on one of his riders, killed the Indian. The relatives of the victim cried out for vengeance and wished to kill his companion. The friends of the other Indian claimed that the death was caused by an accident for which no one was responsible. Finally both parties decided to submit the case to Dubuque. He listened attentively to their statements and then pronounced his judgment with a grace and solemn voice.



JULIEN DUBUQUE ACTS AS JUDGE IN THE CASE
where an Indian was killed riding across the Prairie.

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"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, nothing is more just," said Dubuque. "Whoever sheds blood merits death. I order that two Indians, one chosen by each family, shall mount this same horse, and then drive him at his greatest speed across the prairie, until one or the other of them shall perish."

This decision showed them that the horse was the sole cause of the accident, and put an end to the dispute, and it contributed not a little towards raising Dubuque in the estimation of the inhabitants of the forest.

The Indians here were very simple and childlike, concerning their peculiar habits and religious notions, and were dreadfully superstitious. They believed in the existence of an only God, whom they called Ka-sha-ma-ne-to or Great Spirit; Kasha signifying "great" and Maneto "irresistible," Almighty being. The epithet Kasha is never applied to any other word, but as connected with the Supreme Being. It would be highly indecorous to apply it to a house, a horse, or any other visible object. Yet it is in a few instances applied to a good man, in order to give more force to the expression by connecting his good qualities with those which they ascribe to the Great Spirit.

They recognized also an evil spirit, whom they called Mat-cha-maneto. This unfavorable epithet is not restricted in its application, but is extended to all unpleasant or disagreeable objects.

They revered the Sun as the largest visible object in the heavens, giving them light and heat by day. They considered themselves indebted to the Good Spirit for the warm winds from the south, while the evil one, sent them the cold winds and storms from the north.

The Kashamaneto dwelled in the land of the mid-day sun, while the Matchamaneto resided in the cold regions of the north, where the sun never shines.

Their ceremonies appear to have been addressed principally to the evil spirit, whom they thought it expedient to propitiate; the good one needing no prayers, for his essential goodness would always induce him to assist and protect man without being reminded of it by his petitions. Neither did they believe that their prayers to the evil spirit would in any manner displease the good. In certain cases, however, as when afflicted with disease, or when impelled to it in a dream, they would offer a sacrifice of living animals to the Kashamaneto. This was usually done at the suggestion of one of their chiefs, or leaders, who called all the warriors together, explained his views, and appointed one of them to go in search of a buck. To another he would commit the killing of a raccoon. To a third he allotted some other animal to be killed; and when they have been successful in their respective hunts, they would meet and fasten the first buck which they killed upon a high pole, and leave it in this situation so that it might serve as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Upon the remainder of the chase they would feast. After having boiled the game, they would partake of it in the name of the Great Spirit. The object of these sacrifices was to insure luck in their pursuits, whether of hunting or fighting. The only period when they would have regular sacrifices was during the winter and spring of the year, at which time many of the warriors gave feasts, each selecting the time that suited him best, and inviting such guests as he thought proper. Having assembled them all, he would rise, take a tom-tom, a sort of tambourine formed by fastening a piece of skin or parchment upon a frame, which he beat while he addressed himself to the divinity, accompanying his invocation with many violent gestures. When he had concluded, he resumed

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his seat and handed the tambourine over to another, who proceeded in the same manner. They had regular songs which they sang together on such occasions.

They were very attentive to the proper education of their boys, in order to impart to them those qualities of both mind and body which should enable them to endure privation and fatigue, and obtain influence in the councils of the nation. They accustomed them early to endurance of cold by making them bathe every morning in winter. They likewise encouraged them to abstinence from food in order that they might acquire the more readily those attributes which it is desirable for an Indian to possess.

Parents used no compulsory means to reduce their children to obedience. Still, they generally succeeded in obtaining a powerful influence over them by acting upon their fears. They would tell them that if they did not do as they were required they would incur the displeasure of the Great Spirit, who would deprive them of all luck as hunters and as warriors. This, together with the constant and never ceasing importance which the children observed that their parent attributed to luck in all their pursuits, was found to have the desired effect upon the mind of all those who were fired with the ambition of becoming distinguished at some future day by their skill and success. Their fasts were marked by the ceremony of smearing their faces and hands with charcoal. To effect this, they would take a piece of wood of the length of the finger and suspend it to their necks, char one end of it, and rub themselves with the coal every morning, keeping it on until after sunset.

No person whose face was blackened presumed to eat or drink during the period of fasting; whatever may be the cravings of his appetite he would restrain them until evening, when he would wash off his black paint and indulge moderately in the use of food. The next morning he repeated the ceremony of blackening his face, and continued it from day to day until the whole of his piece of wood was consumed. In no instance had Indians been known to break their fasts, so powerful, indeed, was their superstitious dread of that "ill luck" which would attach to a transgression of their rules. Even children have been, in vain, tempted to take food at houses beyond the control of their parents. Neither did they indulge after sunset in any unreasonable gratification of their appetite. The same apprehension which would prevent an Indian, whether man or boy, from tasting food while covered with his coating of charcoal, would not allow him to shorten the term of his penance by consuming the piece of wood too hastily. If he did not use it sparingly, he was certain that the charm of virtue with which he invested it would be dispelled.

In addition to fasting, the Indian attempted to impress upon his offspring a permanent and unshaken belief in the existence of a Great Spirit, ruler of the Universe, whose attributes were kindness to men and a desire of relieving them from all their afflictions. Indians generally admitted the existence of a future life, of which, however, they entertained very confused ideas, believing for the most part that the spirits of those who have lived a good life will go to a country where they can pursue without fatigue their favorite occupation of hunting and where animals would be plentiful and fat. Not so with the spirits of the bad, whose country would be barren and nearly destitute of game, where the chase would become a painful and unprofitable occupation.

There were many Indian languages that were not understood by all the Indian tribes. The sign language was employed in such cases and was generally understood by them all.



JULIEN DUBUQUE MARRIES POTOSA A FOX WOMAN
in 1789

After a painting by Richard Herrmann

CHAPTER IX

Julien Dubuque Becomes Impressed With Potosa, Daughter of Indian Chief Peosta, And Weds Her, At the Same Time Securing Lead Mines.

Prairie du Chien is situated on a level plain or prairie about nine miles long and between one and two miles wide. It is bounded on the east by high, rocky bluffs with trees on their tops, and on the west it is washed by the Mississippi river. Its name was derived from that of an Indian chief, who once resided there, known as Le Chien, or the Dog; hence Prairie du Chien, or the Dog Prairie.

It was one of the oldest of the French trading posts, when Julien Dubuque and his companions, Basil Giard and Pierre Antago, landed there in 1785. They found Gantier de Vorville, Michael Brisbois, and Captain Fischer had been permanently located there already for two years. Captain Fischer was of Scotch descent. He carried on an extensive trade with the Indians and was well known by them over the entire west.

Julien Dubuque learned from him that in 1780 the wife of Peosta, chief of the Foxes, who lived in a village some distance down the river, had discovered in that vicinity a considerable lead ore mine on the west of the Mississippi river. This was followed about this time by the discovery of more important mines in the country surrounding. Julien Dubuque perceived the value of these discoveries, and exerted all his influence in endeavoring to acquire the vast territory which had such wealth in its bosom. The exercise of great authority was necessary, for the Indians always obstinately refused to disclose to the whites the location of their mines, and above all they would not allow them to be worked.

Julien Dubuque took a voyage in his best canoe down the river, taking one of his companions with him, to the Indian village near the mouth of the Catfish creek on the west bank of the Mississippi river. The Indians that lived here were the Muskwakis of the Foxes.

Here he met Peosta, the chief of that tribe, and found him to be a man of splendid physique, at least six feet, two inches tall, strong and erect. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a splendid specimen of manhood. His closely shaved head, except the carefully put up scalp lock on the crown of the head as a mark of chivalry, to be taken by the enemy in case of defeat as a trophy of victory, was ornamented with a solitary eagle's plume, depending from it. He was accompanied by his young daughter, Potosa, winsome, petite and pretty. She was attired in a handsomely ornamented buckskin dress and moccasins. The chief, with his daughter, surrounded by other braves of the tribe, gave him and

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his companion a cordial greeting, although accompanied with that reserve and dignity which marks the actions of a great chief.

If Dubuque was favorably impressed with the splendid appearance and dignified action of Peosta, he was from the start most favorably impressed with the appearance of the young and handsome daughter of the chief.

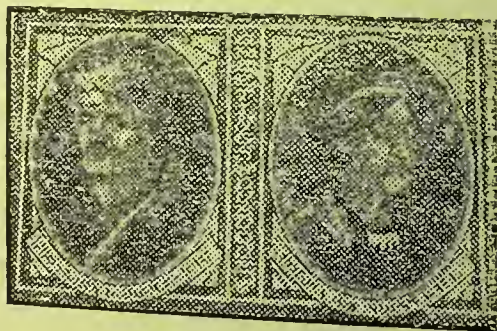
He made himself agreeable to them both, by his vivacious manner, and by giving them presents of glass beads, small brass bells, and other trinkets, dear to the Indian and the feminine heart. He, however, never lost sight for a moment of the object of his visit, to find out all he could concerning the lead mines. The Indians were very reticent to give much information concerning them. Dubuque and his companion, however, returned to Prairie du Chien well satisfied with their first visit. The more he thought about it, the more a desire took hold of him, if possible, to get possession of the mines. The visits were, therefore, many times repeated and each time Dubuque took with him some presents for the Indians and the pretty maiden.

The Chief's daughter also seemed to be very much favorably impressed with the appearance and manners of the intrepid young Frenchman, who, from his smaller stature than the Chief, and his dark hair, dark complexion and small, black piercing eyes, soon became known among them as "Little Cloud" or "Little Night," synonyms for a small, dark complected person.

Dubuque, perceiving that the admiration between him and the Chief's pretty daughter was mutual, and believing it to be the part of diplomacy to gain the object of his visits, the possession of the mines and also for him a wife, determined to marry the daughter of the chief.

The visits were now more frequent and persistent, having a double object in view, and the presents larger and of a more substantial nature. The suit for the young maiden was carried forward with dispatch and in true Indian fashion. The Chief's consent was soon obtained for the speedy marriage of the daughter.

Dubuque was taken into the tribe as one of its members, and made one of their braves, with all the ceremony, traditions, and customs of their class. The marriage ceremony soon followed and was celebrated with great eclat, according to their rites. Agreeably to their custom, Dubuque, and his young wife, Potosa, had to live with the family, and in the home of the bride's parents for one year, after which they were at liberty to set up their own home, and move to other quarters if they so desired. This was, accordingly, done.



DUBUQUE AND POTOSA

object of his desires, the possession of the lead mines, which the Indians had determined should never fall into the hands of the whites, but as they believed that Dubuque was initiated into all the secrets of Manitou, they made an exception in his favor. A great council was held with the

Dubuque was now in better position than ever before to obtain the

JULIEN DUBUQUE—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

savages at Prairie du Chien on September 22, 1788, and Dubuque succeeded in securing an extent of country, fronting seven leagues (3 miles-1 league) along the Mississippi and three leagues in depth, containing about 148,171 acres of ground.

The lead mines included in this vast region, were situated about 500 miles north of St. Louis. The conditions of the sale were very vague. Dubuque became proprietor of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta, and if his excavations proved unproductive, he could dig elsewhere as long as he thought fit. The Foxes could not have done more to comply with his demands. This Act of Concession of the Indians to Dubuque, has been preserved, and is as follows:

"Copy of the Council held by the Foxes, that is to say, the chiefs and braves of five villages, with the approbation of the rest of their people, explained by Mr. Quinantotaye, described by them in their presence, and in the presence of us the undersigned, that is to say:

"The Foxes permit Mr. Julien Dubuque called by them the "Little Cloud" to work at the mines as long as he shall please and to withdraw from it, without specifying any terms to him: Moreover that they sell and abandon to him all the coast and the contents of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man or Indian shall make any pretention to it without the consent of Mr. Julien Dubuque. And in case he shall find nothing within, he shall be free to search wherever he may think proper to do so, and to work peaceably without any one hurting him, or doing him any prejudice in his labors. Thus we Chiefs and Braves, by the voice of all our villages have agreed with Julien Dubuque, selling and delivering to him this day as above mentioned, in the presence of the Frenchmen, who hear us, and who are witnesses to this writing. At the Prairie du Chien in full Council the 22nd day of September, 1788.

Bapt. Pierre, his X mark witness.

A. Lea Austin, his X mark witness.

Blondon de Kuienan, mark of his ring.

Joseph Fontigny, witness.

When Dubuque was first shown the mine, he found that the Indians had been mining in a very primitive way, as the Chiefs and Braves disdained to do work of any kind. The mining was done by the squaws and children. They did not mine until driven to it by necessity, to get lead ore enough to trade for the common necessities of life. In such cases a great number of boys and squaws would take hold at once and put down a shaft, leaving one side of it slanting in order the easier to pull up the rocks and lead ore on the slanting side of the shaft. They did not employ a windlass or other mechanical devices, but pulled it up by hand, using a rope made of bark and a sack made of buffalo hide or deer skin. The lead ore was smelted in the rudest kind of oven, or fire place, and in this condition traded off for articles that they wanted in exchange. Most of the ore was shipped down to St. Louis.

Dubuque at once went to work at the mines in a more systematic manner. In addition to working the mine which was originally discovered by the wife of Peosta, he opened up a number of new mines, and there are to this day a number of places pointed out to strangers as the "Dubuque mine," the "Indian Diggings," the "Dubuque cave," and many

JULIEN DUBUQUE—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

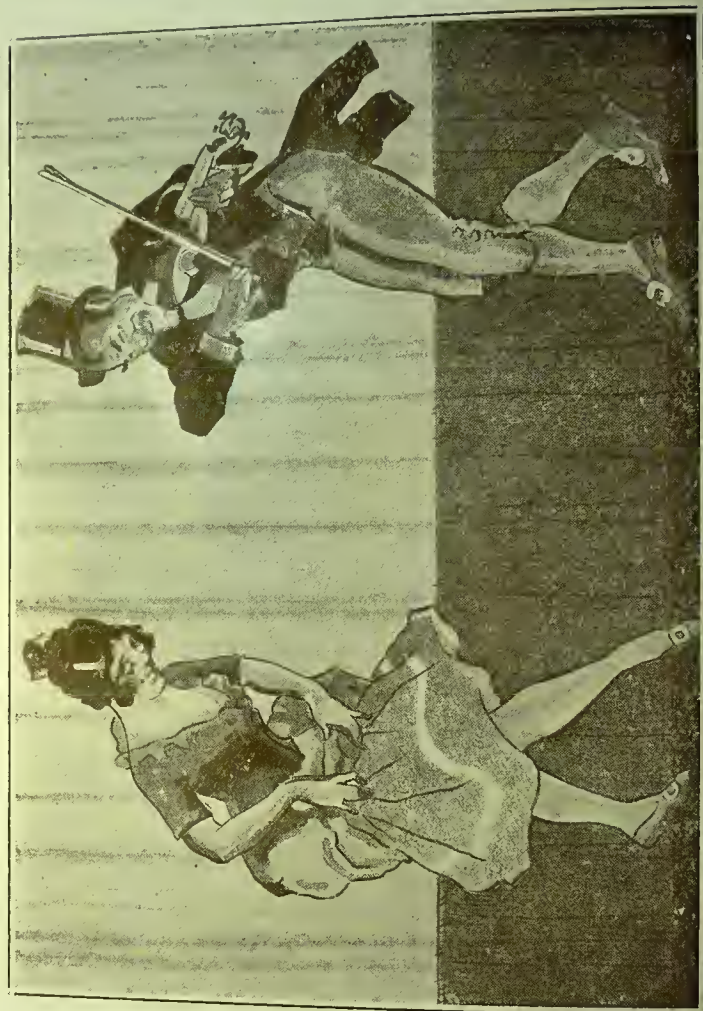
others. He built a better smelting furnace, and made the lead into more suitable shape for handling, into what is known as pig lead. This was shipped to St. Louis in larger quantities, where the ready cash was more easily realized, and where goods could be more profitably bought, which were necessary for his own comfort, as well as for trading with the Indians.

St. Louis was at that time a very small town as compared to the very large city it is now; but to Dubuque, having so long lived far away from civilization, it was a great treat to make these yearly trips, and spend the few days among the French people in St. Louis. Having sold his lead ore, and the money paid in hand, with his jovial nature he would give himself up to a few days of pleasure and enjoyment, before going back to his far northern home. We can just imagine him at the dance in the neighborhood of the old French market having a good time. The "Money Musk" and the "Virginia Reel" were then in the zenith of their glory, and it is related that he would play the violin and join in the reel, dancing after his own music, which was then considered a great accomplishment. He would then return to the mines to commence his Indian life over again for at least another year. Before going, however, he would never forget to buy a lot of trinkets to please the eyes of the Indians, and something more of a substantial nature, in the shape of presents for his Indian wife, who with pleasant anticipations, awaited his return. On one of these trips he took a great fancy to a good sized old-fashioned brass cannon, such as were carried aboard ships which occasionally came over the ocean from Spain or France, and which found its way from New Orleans to St. Louis, and was for sale at one of the boat stores.

Thinking that the possession of the cannon would greatly raise his importance in the estimation of the Indians, as well as give him better protection in case of necessity, he bought the cannon and had it shipped up the river to his mines.

The region of the Mississippi being at that time under the domination of the Spaniards, in 1796, Dubuque presented a petition of Governor Carondelet at New Orleans asking that he be confirmed in the peaceable possession of the land and mines which he had purchased from the savages. The petition was as follows:

"To his Excellency the Baron De Carondelet, Your Excellency's very humble petitioner, named Julien Dubuque, having made a settlement on the frontier of your government in the midst of the Indian Nations who are inhabitants of the country, has bought a tract of land from these Indians with the mines it contains, and by his perseverance has surmounted obstacles as expensive as they were dangerous and after many voyages has come to be the peaceable possessor of a tract of land on the west bank of the Mississippi to which he has given the name of "The Mines of Spain," in memory of the government to which he belongs. As the place of settlement is but a point, and the different mines which he works are apart and at a distance of more than three leagues from each other, the very humble petitioner prays your Excellency to have the goodness to assure him the quiet enjoyment of the mines and lands, that is to say from the hills above the little river Maquantuitois, (Little Maquoketa) to the hills of the Mesqualbysnonques "Tete Des Morts," which forms about seven leagues on the west bank of the Mississippi by three leagues in depth, and to grant him the peaceable possession thereof. Which the very humble petitioner ventures to hope that your goodness will be pleased to grant him his request.



JULIEN DUBUQUE DANCING THE SPANISH FANTANGO
after his own music, near the Old French Market in St. Louis.

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"In default of eloquence I can only speak to you with the pure simplicity of my heart. I pray Heaven to preserve you and to accord to you its beneficent protection. I am and will be all my life,—your Excellency's very humble, very obedient and very submissive servant, J. Dubuque."

Governor Carondelet referred this request to Andrew Todd, who had a monopoly of trade on the Mississippi river.

Todd replied that he would not oppose this request, on condition that Dubuque should be prohibited from trading with the Indians without Todd's consent. Carondelet then on the 20th of November, 1796, granted the petition, subject to the restriction placed by Todd.

In the month of October, 1804, Dubuque sold about 72,324 acres of his land with the mines it contained to Auguste Chouteau of St. Louis for the sum of \$18,848.60, and by the same conveyance it was provided that at the death of Dubuque all the remainder of his territory should become the property of Chouteau or his heirs.

On the 10th of April, 1807, Chouteau in his turn, sold to John Mulanphy of St. Louis one-half of the property which he bought from Dubuque, for the sum of \$15,000. The United States government on the 3rd of November, 1804, entered into a very important treaty with the Sacs and Foxes at St. Louis. By this treaty the Indians ceded to Governor William H. Harrison, representing the United States, a large portion of the territory now included in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, being fifty-one million acres of land.

On the representation of Dubuque, Governor Harrison added an article to the treaty for the purpose of declaring that it was not intended to interfere with the right of those who had obtained concessions from the Spanish authorities with the consent of the Indians. Governor Harrison afterwards affirmed that the article had for a special object the recognition of the rights of Dubuque. The article was as follows:

"The undesigned, William Henry Harrison, governor of the territory of Louisiana, and commissioner plenipotentiary to treat with the Indians northwest of the Ohio, certifies by these presents and declares that after having prepared the treaty, which was made with the Sacs and Foxes on the 3rd of November, 1804, there was shown to him an act of concession by the Governor General of Louisiana to a certain Dubuque of a large tract of land on the borders of the Mississippi, where the said Dubuque had lived for several years. As the said treaty could be considered as dispossessing him of said territory, this additional article was drawn up and submitted to the Indians. They consented freely to its adoption and the undersigned informed them it had as its special object the including of the claim of Dubuque, the validity of which was recognized as done under my signature and seal of Vincennes, January 1st, 1806.—William Henry Harrison.

The Commissioners having been named by the American government to carry into execution the treaty made with the Sacs and Foxes, the majority decided on September 26, 1806, that the grant to Dubuque was duly made by the Spanish authorities before October 1st, 1800. The treaty with the Sacs and Foxes was ratified on July 18, 1815. Auguste Chouteau acted as one of the Commissioners. He was the brother of Pierre Chouteau, who, with Pierre LaCledé, founded the city of St. Louis. All three were of French origin.

JULIEN DUBUQUE—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

Julien Dubuque's prosperity, resulting from his lead trade carried on with St. Louis in his annual visits to that city, then the only trading point of any consequence above New Orleans, occasionally excited the jealousy of the Indians to such a degree that they sought some pretext of ejecting him from the country by annulling the permit which had been executed in writing in 1788 by six of the chiefs and was to continue during his lifetime. But Dubuque was one of those shrewd, ingenious men who evidently understood human nature well and made a correct estimate of Indian character. He accordingly managed to carry on a prosperous trade with them and, by business strategem and an occasional display of tricks that appeared to them to be evidence of superhuman power, he wrought upon their fears, excited their wonder, appealed to their cupidity and necessities to such an extent, that all their regard or dislike toward him at any time was generally mingled with awe.

During the year 1800, at a time when the Indians, from some real or imaginary cause, resolved not to allow him to encroach further on what they considered their native privileges. Dubuque had his residence and other buildings near the council house of the Indians. Dubuque had made some demand upon the Indians which resulted in a dispute, culminating in confusion and disorder. He adjourned the parley with them from time to time in order to devise new expedients to coax or frighten them into a compliance with his wishes.

Happening to have a barrel of turpentine among his goods, he emptied it just after dark on the waters of the creek, which were sluggish and with scarcely any perceptible current. He then built a large bonfire on the bank and called the Indians suddenly from their lodges for consultation.

When all were seated, he commenced to harangue them on the obligations they were under for the benefits he had conferred and promised more if they would grant him a single favor then asked. But the chiefs refused to yield another point in his favor and warned him to beware of their vengeance if he persisted any longer in his demands. Dubuque instantly assumed a defiant air and threatened to execute the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon them for their ingratitude. As they sat unmoved, he seized a firebrand and telling them he would burn up the creek as proof he was the Great Spirit, threw the burning ember into the stream. A sheet of flame rose instantly and with a shriek of terror each Indian rose to his feet.

"Now" said Dubuque, with all the majesty he could assume, "Now, if you do not yield, I will burn your creek, your canoes, your wigwams, yourselves. I will set fire to the Mississippi and burn it up. But I loved you before you hated me and will forgive you, if the Great Manitou will let me. I give you the time of only one breath to answer me—if not, the river will burn."

The Indians fell before him, prostrate in adoration. The head chief thanked him for their lives and granted all he asked.

This was the last of Dubuque's strategem victories over the Indians. He asked for everything in the power of the Indians to grant; indeed, the more he required, the more readily were his demands supplied, and it was not until after his death that they dared to drive his followers from the soil.



JULIEN DUBUQUE USED STRATAGEM TO COMPEL THE INDIANS to comply with his request. By threatening to burn up the creek, their canoes, their wigwams, the river itself, if they did not yield at once to his demands, he had emptied a barrel of turpentine in the creek and seized a firebrand and threw it into the turpentine on the stream — a sheet of flame rose instantly and with a shriek of terror each Indian rose to his feet.

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This village of the Muskwakis, located so close to the banks of the Mississippi where fishing and bathing was easy to be indulged in, was called the "Little Fox village." The principal village of the Foxes was located about twelve miles west from here, following up the Catfish Creek, which must have been somewhere near Chesterman's Mill, between Julien and Peosta stations along the present line of the Illinois Central railroad.

The Indians were childlike, but not at all immodest. A good deal has been said about loose morals prevailing among the Indians, but as far as these Indians are concerned they do not deserve the general reputation of their race. They were not immodest, but of course they did things that white people would not do; but it was mostly because of their childlike nature. The women went bathing twice a day in the river, early in the morning and again later. The children were in the water nearly all the time during hot weather. It was no uncommon thing early in the morning to see a dozen squaws trooping silently down to the river, throw off their sheet-like robes and jump into the river. Their solemn silence during these aquatic visits was something marvelous, and something that no one has ever accounted for.

When summer came, a general wave of indolence set in among the Indians. Lazy by nature and inclination, they became more so as the hot waves approached their section. It is then that the Indians who belong to the aristocracy became clannish and moved into their summer homes, while the poor reds, or those through whose veins did not flow the royal blood, were allowed to remain in their ordinary tepees and swelter out their lives.

The summer houses of the Indian aristocracy were made of bark, grass and skins of animals. The bark house as a summer home was most comfortable and was indeed a creation of the hands of an Indian genius. It required a carpenter of skill to erect these houses, especially so that they would turn water, let in the air at the same time and withstand the wind. Bark houses have been known to stand for fifteen years. The bark used was generally taken from the elm trees. The squaws did nearly all the work required to provide for their subsistence. They cultivated the ground, planted and raised corn, squashes, pumpkins and gourds. The latter were used by them for water bottles, drinking cups and dippers and were considered by them as handy household utensils. They made hoes for cultivating the ground by taking a long thin forked branch of a tree, or willow, cutting the one end short for the hoe part and inserting a clam shell in the pointed end, the other left long to be used for the handle.

There was considerable attention paid to the cultivation and garnering of grain and other articles used for food, and they were thankful when a bountiful supply was in sight, or had been secured, as is evidenced by their numerous celebration of these events, such as the green corn dance, or the harvest home.

The corn having been garnered and stored away for the coming winter the young men prepared themselves for the annual buffalo hunt, which was one of the important events of the year. The meat of these animals supplied them with food during the long winter months and their heavy skins gave them clothing and covering for their tepees. To win the favor of the Spirit of the Chase, in other words to insure "good luck," a feast of burnt meats and the incense of tobacco celebrated the departure of the hunters.

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Here the Medicine Man played the important part of the ceremonies. After the fires had been lighted on the commons the young men assembled. The Medicine Man, dressed in the most gorgeous and fantastic costume, would appear and pre-empting to have received word and inspiration direct from the Great Spirit or the Happy Hunting ground that the time was now propitious for the commencement of a successful buffalo hunt, he would address the assemblage in the following language:

"Harken, ye sons of the forest! Listen to me, ye children of the sun! Would you meet with success of the chase? Listen then, what the Manitos tell you: Four sleeps to west you must go and when you come to a river let one who is chosen to lead you be dressed in the hide of a buffalo bull. With the buffalo skin entire, let the chosen one cover his figure. Laying then your ears to the ground you shall hear the rumble of hoofbeats. A herd like the leaves of the wood will come to the hands of the hunters. Go, then, with your spears and arrows in search of food for your people. It is not an adventure for women, for children, for old men, or weak ones. In the van of great herds, ever ready for battle, walks the guardian buffalo bull. Sharp are his black shining horns and heavy his deep set shoulders. Thick and long is his mane, covering his neck in profusion. Fierce is the light of his eye and his voice is the voice of the thunder. Where he runs the earth trembles and dust rolls up like the storm.

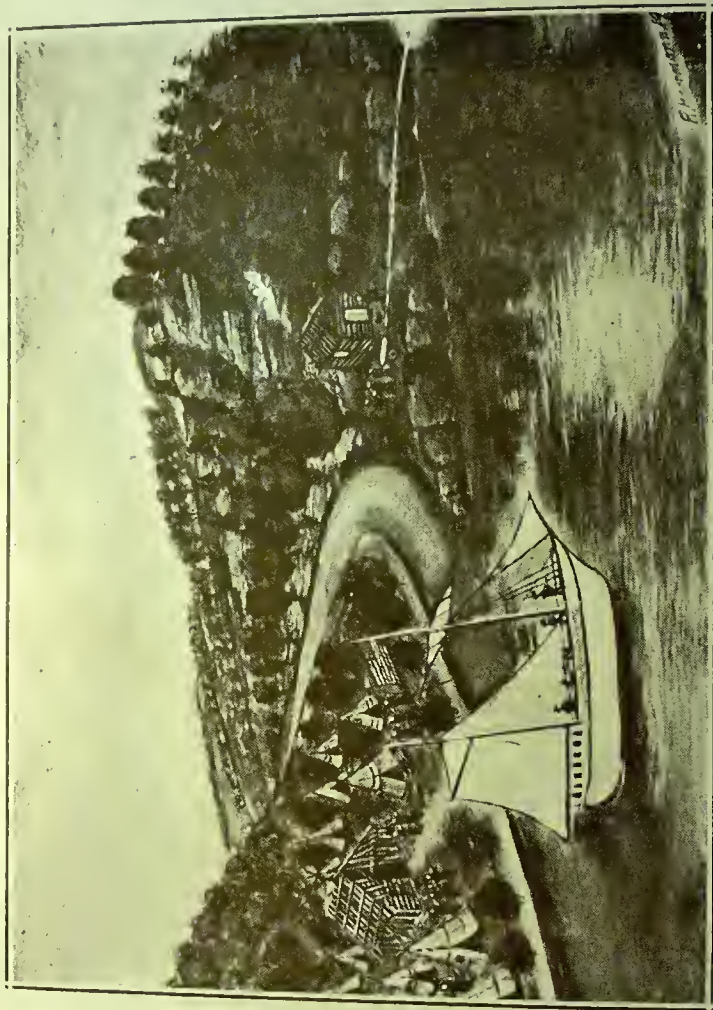
"Then must the chosen one wait, all patiently bidding the moment, wait in the tall rank grass, close to the cliff by the river. All of the hunters remaining, losing no time in their going, let them make haste to the rear of the herd that is coming towards you. Everything having been done, as the voice of the Manitos orders, let him who is clad in the skin lift up his head from the grasses. Seeing him thus shall the bull believe him Pezheke, his brother. So may the chosen one lead the herd with a rush towards the river. Then will the buffalo bull, calling his herd that comes after, follow the hunter, disguised, swift toward the cliff by the river.

"Up to the top of the cliff, returning the hunter shall lead them. Then the hunter, springing aside to the rock that stands like a shelter, to the stone as large as a tepee that stands on the cliff by the river, the bull with his herd shall plunge down and we shall have meat in abundance."

When he had concluded his address a momentary hush fell on the people. His strange power of foretelling events gave to his words a meaning second only to the Great Chief, and the hunters felt certain all would come about just as he predicted.

The novelty of the plan had also its attractions, and the ambitious young hunters were already itching to be chosen to play the part of the decoy buffalo. As soon as a leader had been selected from among the young hunters, a disguise such as had been described by the Medicine Man, was brought forward and put on him in order that he might take part in the dance which was to follow. In another moment he sprang to the center of the common ground and shouted a challenge to the surrounding braves. The hunters instantly took spears, began dancing and all together they sang the song of the buffalo hunt—a wild, weird chant of pleading and exultation combined, accompanied by the beating of the war drums and the shaking of numberless rattles.

One after another the villagers joined in the festival, the women gliding gracefully about the throng of dancers, keeping time with feet



LANDING OF LIEUTENANT ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE
SEPTEMBER 1st, 1805, AT JULIEN DUBUQUE'S POINT

Mons. Dubuque saluting him with a shot from a brass cannon.

JULIEN DUBUQUE—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

and bodies to the rhythmic measure of the song. They were now prepared and ready to start out upon their arduous task in full confidence and high expectations of a successful chase, which was sometimes realized, and at others not, and upon which greatly depended how well they fared during the following winter.

Julien Dubuque again drew the envy and jealousy of the Indians. They supposed that he should divide with them the profits he made from the sale of lead ore procured from the mines. He having lived more than the customary time with his wife's parents, he decided to move over on this point and put up a substantial log cabin and for better security built a stone wall around the point. He planted his brass cannon behind the stone wall and this gave it the appearance of a fortified place. About this time the mines of Dubuque occupied the attention of Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike during his voyage on the upper Mississippi in 1805. Certain circumstances prevented him, however, from visiting the diggings and from obtaining much information concerning them.

Pike arrived at the mines in the forenoon of the 1st of September. Dubuque received him with all possible marks of respect and there was a salute from a field piece in honor of the brave lieutenant. Pike was suffering from a burning fever and as Dubuque had no horses near his house and the diggings were some six miles away, the lieutenant contented himself with putting some questions in writing to which Dubuque seems to have answered as laconically as possible. The questions and answers were as follows:

What is the date of your grant of the mines from the savages?

Answer. The copy of the grant is in Mr. Soulard's office in St. Louis.

What is the date of the confirmation by the Spaniards?

The same answer.

What is the extent of the mines?

Twenty-eight, or twenty-seven leagues long and from one to three broad.

How much lead do you make per annum?

From 20 to 40,000 pounds.

What is the proportion of lead to the hundred weight?

Seventy-five per cent.

How much do you make into pig lead?

All.

Is there any other material?

We have found a little copper, but as there is no one here who understands enough of chemistry to analyze, I cannot say in what proportion it is found.

At the Lead Mines.

J. DUBUQUE,
Z. M. PIKE.

September 1st, 1805.

On the same day Pike wrote to General Williamson that Dubuque and Robert Dickson were on the point of sending several Indian chiefs to St. Louis, but that he opposed their departure because these traders were acting without authority.

JULIEN DUBUQUE—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

Pike visited Dubuque again on April 23, 1806, and departed after obtaining some necessary information.

In the same year an English traveler, M. J. McCarthy, visited the mines of Dubuque and speaks of them in the following terms.

"About six miles from the Mississippi, there are lead mines operated by Mr. Dubuque, who has a fortified settlement on the banks of the river. The leads or veins are found in an extent of country seven leagues in length and three in width. The ore yields nearly seventy-five per cent lead. Mr Dubuque makes about 40,000 pounds of pig lead each year."



JULIEN DUBUQUE WAS BURIED BY THE INDIANS MARCH 24th, 1810 — from all parts of the country they gathered to assist in his obsequies; the most celebrated Chiefs disputed with each other for the honor of carrying his remains to its last resting place. Hundreds of men and women advanced with slow and regular steps, accompanying their march with funeral chants.

CHAPTER X

American Commissioners Refuse to Recognize Claim of Julien Dubuque For 7,056 Acres of Land.

In 1808 Dubuque presented to the United States government a claim for about 7,056 acres of land, situated on the banks of the Mississippi and opposite Prairie du Chien. He stated that he had bought this land in May, 1805, from Francois Coyolle, who had obtained a grant of the same from Don Carlos Dehant Delassus, lieutenant-governor of Louisiana. Alexander Bellisme and Antoine Pervant attested that Coyolle had cultivated this land for many years.

The American commissioners who were charged with examining claims of this character, refused to recognize the title of Dubuque to this property.

Major Thomas Forsy, mentioned in 1819 by an interpreter named Lencie, was absent from Canada more than 25 years and spent the greater part of that time in working in the lead mines as an employe of Dubuque.

Julien Dubuque continued to work actively at his mines, and was meeting with complete success, when death suddenly surprised him in the spring of 1810. Unfortunately he left no one to succeed him in his enterprise. His premature death caused a veritable consternation among the savages.

They had lost a friend, counsellor and protector, one who more than any other white man, had gained their unalterable affection. From all parts of the surrounding country, they gathered to assist at his obsequies, which were held with extraordinary pomp. The most celebrated chiefs disputed with each other for the honor of carrying his remains to their last resting place. They were followed by many hundreds of men and women, who advanced with slow and regular steps and accompanied their march with funeral chants. His place of burial was admirably chosen. It was on the top of a precipitous bluff, which was shaded by several of the sombre cedar which are seen along the Mississippi.

Before depositing the body of their friend in the grave, the most eloquent of the savage chiefs took turns in paying their tributes of eulogy and admiration to his memory. They described his life "as brilliant as the sun at mid-day; but as fleeting as the snow which disappears under the sun's warm rays."

After having spoken his praises, they sounded the death song of a brave, and before the last notes of their vigorous and solemn accents had died away, they returned mournfully and silently to their villages.

JULIEN DUBUQUE—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

The memory of Dubuque was so well preserved amongst the surrounding tribes, that for many years they kept each night a lamp burning on his grave.

The Sacs and Foxes made it a duty to visit his tomb every year, and to perform certain religious ceremonies on the occasion. Among other tribes, the visit was made at least once in a lifetime. It was a pilgrimage to Mecca. They never failed to throw some small stones on his grave, as a mark of respect for his memory. Many of the Indians believed that their friend was but half dead, and that he would again appear among them and be their guide. This grave has been visited by many travelers and writers, among others by Schoolcraft in August, 1820; Beltrami in 1823; Colonel Thomas L. McKenney in September, 1827; by George Cathin in 1835 and again in 1840.

George Cathin, who painted a picture of Dubuque's grave in 1835, says in the Smithsonian Reports of 1885, part II, page 236, among other things, "Julien Dubuque, called by the Indians "Little Night," was a man of an adventurous spirit, who, with two companions settled at Prairie du Chien, now Wisconsin, in 1783. He lived at Prairie du Chien for several years and traded with the Indians. At this place on September 22nd, 1788, the chiefs of the Fox Indians, who lived in a village near the present City of Dubuque on the west side of the Mississippi river, by a signed agreement conveyed to him a tract of land. The conveyance was for occupation and working the mines within the tract conveyed, and on the grant Dubuque made the first white man's settlement within the boundaries of the present State of Iowa.

"He married a Fox woman, Potosa, and became a man of influence with the Indians of the Mississippi country. He was a man of character, and was respected by all who came in contact with him. He died on March 24, 1810, at his mines and was buried on the bluffs."

All these travelers and writers speak of the location of the grave as being an extremely curious and interesting place, which tourists should not fail to see.

Let us first quote Colonel McKinney:

"On arriving at Dubuque we went to visit the grave of its founder. It was located on a high point of land formed by the junction of the Catfish creek with the Mississippi. A village of the Fox Indians occupied the valley at the foot of the hill on the south. One of these savages conducted us to the last resting place of Dubuque. The ascent was very fatiguing. On his grave there is a rock surmounted by a tomb of wood and a cross stands on the rock, and on the cross is graven in large letters:

"Julien Dubuque, died March 24th, 1810.

"Aged 48 years and six months."

"Near his tomb is the grave of an Indian chief."

M. Newhall, author of "Sketches of Iowa," on the contrary, asserts that the words inscribed on the tomb of Dubuque were "Julien Dubuque, Miner of the Mines of Spain. Died March, 1910. Aged 48 years."

George Catlin further states that Dubuque's dwelling place had been at the foot of the enormous bluff, and that his tomb was located on top of the same bluff. He certainly is in error, or had been misinformed,

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when he says: "It was Dubuque during his lifetime, and not the Indians who prepared his tomb," for which he may be pardoned, as he was otherwise very accurate and correct.

"The tomb of Dubuque," he says, "is a celebrated place on the banks of the river, because it was the home and seat of operations of the first explorer of the lead mines in these regions. Dubuque was the name of this pioneer, who had obtained the title of the territory in which these mines were situated. He established his dwelling place at the foot of an enormous bluff, on the summit of which is erected the tomb which contains his remains, and on the tomb is placed a cross, (This cross with its description and time of death of Julien Dubuque was put there by the Frenchmen at least 15 years after the death of J. Dubuque), with a proper inscription. Note: This is not borne out by recent investigation, as the writer, Richard Herrmann, and Captain M. E. Erwin found the remains of Julien Dubuque almost directly under the north wall of stone, about eight feet below, which goes to show that a mound was built over his remains by the Indians and that the wall and hut were put over this spot years afterward, say about the years 1829 to 1832.

He could not have written his epitaph before his death. Catlin goes on to say, "After his death his body was placed in the tomb, according to his directions, or rather exposed in state, for it was covered only with a shroud and there he lay exposed to the astonished gaze of all who would take the trouble of climbing this magnificent cliff, clothed with cedar to its summit, and of looking at his bones through a lattice which protected them against the sacrilegious hands of thousands who went to view the spectacle."

This has reference to two Indian skeletons found sitting in the hut, but against the west wall facing the east, which were seen by the settlers that came here in 1832-3-4-5, some of whom are alive at the date of this writing and remember having seen the bodies.

This account of Catlin's, which seems to have a shade of phantasy, probably inspired the first passage, which we find in a work, on the whole very serious, of the Abbe Dominick:

"On the banks of the Mississippi, nearly half way between Ft. Snelling and St. Louis, Dubuque, one of the first pioneers of the west, desired to be interred, or rather exposed; for by his orders, his body, enveloped only in a shroud, was laid on the top of a high cliff which afforded a view of one of the most magnificent landscapes in the world. And until a few years ago, there could still be seen on the rock, the skeleton of this singular personage."

Anthony Frollope gathered some information in relation to the founder of Dubuque in 1861. "Dubuque," he says, "is a city of Iowa on the west bank of the Mississippi, and as the name of the city and its principal hotel, the 'Julien,' had a decidedly French sound, I asked an explanation. I was told that Julien Dubuque, a French Canadian, was buried on one of the bluffs which overhang the river within the actual limits of the city, that he was the first white colonist of Iowa, and the only man who was ever able to make the Indians work. He succeeded in making himself endeared to the savages, and appeared to have had absolute control over them. My informant added, 'Dubuque was an audacious man, who committed all sins under the sun, but he knew how to make the Indians work.'"

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Although Mr. Dubuque may have had his faults like many others, yet there is no fact known to us, which would show that Dubuque committed all the sins on the calendar, and it would require more than the mere assertion of the unknown informant of Frollope to justify the charge.

Dubuque was dead and there was no one to take his place in the affections of the savages. In order to prevent the encroachments of any who would attempt to succeed him, they made haste to burn his furnaces, his buildings, his own residence, and even his fences, and destroyed all traces of civilization.

Auguste Chouteau, of St. Louis, to whom Dubuque had transferred his title to the mines, sold the same at public auction in 1810. Colonel Smith, of the Belle Fontaine Mine, and Mr. Morehead, of St. Louis, were the purchasers for the sum of \$3,000. They ascended the Mississippi with a body of men to take possession of the mines, but they were vigorously repulsed by the savages. For fear that their conduct might displease the American authorities, the Indians held a great council and sent deputies to St. Louis to assert their rights before Governor Howard and General Clarke.

The delegates fulfilled their mission with much tact and wisdom. They declared in the first place that they never had any intention of permitting Dubuque to transfer to others the grant which they had made to him, and in the second place that they did not believe they were offending the American government in repulsing the party commanded by Smith and Moorehead. They added that when the Great Spirit had given the soil to the red men, he knew that the white men would invade the land, and destroy the game, and that in His goodness He hid the lead in the earth, so as to provide the children of the forest with the means of subsistence. An energetic appeal to the justice of their Great Father, the President of the United States, closed the harangue. Governor Howard and General Clarke approved of their conduct and gave them assurances of the protection of the government.

The purchasers of the rights of Dubuque did not consider themselves beaten, and they appealed for a confirmation of their claims to the commissioners appointed in 1806, to pass upon the titles and grants in the Territory of Louisiana, which Napoleon the First had lately sold to the United States.

The commissioners decided that their claims were well established, and a memorial to this effect was transmitted to Washington to await the decision of congress. At the request of the president, Mr. Gallatin, secretary of the treasury, made himself acquainted with the facts in the case, and afterwards formulated an opinion directly contrary to that of the commissioners. According to him, the treaty made by Governor Harrison gave no additional sanction to the right of Dubuque. The form of the grant had a temporary character, and no letters patent for it were ever found among the number of those issued by the French and Spanish governments; that Dubuque had merely obtained a permission—revocable at wish, to work some distant mines; and there had been no intention of transferring the national domain. As might be expected, congress decided in favor of the Indians.

That which belonged to the savages, was in fact the property of the United States, and it is rare that one decided against his own interests. "Augustus Caesar refused to pass judgment in a case, in which he was both judge and litigant." A government as liberal as the United States would have done well to have imitated his example.

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The indefatigable traveler, Schoolcraft, visited in the month of August, 1820, the lead mines of Dubuque, the name, by which they are known.

"They embrace a territory about twenty-one square leagues on the west bank of the Mississippi," he wrote. "The principal mines lie in a section of country about one league square, which begins at the village of the Foxes and extends towards the west.

"This was the seat of the principal operations of Dubuque. The ore is found in layers and veins over a space of about four hundreds yards. As the savages, after the death of Dubuque, would not permit any white man to continue his work, the mineral at this time was extracted by the tribe of the Foxes exclusively. It is well known that the Indians regard woman as being created to serve the whims of man, and that she should do all the work that was painful or laborious. Therefore the young men and the warriors believed that it would detract from their dignity to dig in the mines, and this rude task fell to the women, and the old men. These workers used spades, shovels, hatchets, picks and bars of iron. With such imperfect tools, they were frequently compelled to retire before the difficulties of the ground, but their excavations were often not less than forty feet deep. In spite of their physical weakness, these miners proved they were possessed of rare perseverance and ingenuity. After a certain quantity of mineral was extracted, the women transported it in baskets to the banks of the Mississippi, whence it was transferred in canoes to a large island in the middle of the river, where traders resorted, who exchanged merchandise for the lead."

It was with great difficulty that Schoolcraft succeeded in visiting the mines. He went to the Fox village composed of nineteen huts, and occupied by 125 souls, in order to obtain from the chief, guides to show him the mining region.

The Sachem was enfeebled by age, but his intellect was active, and his aspect very venerable. He was suffering at the time from bilious fever. He received Schoolcraft very courteously, and spoke with much sangfroid of his approaching death. When Schoolcraft made known the object of his visit, the other chiefs, who stood around, made many objections, and asked time to consider the matter. "I learned during the interval," says this intrepid voyager, "that since the death of Dubuque, to whom the savages had accorded the privilege of exploring the mines, that the latter had manifested great jealousy of the whites, whose encroachments they feared. They had revoked all former concessions, and had refused even to strangers access to the mines."

Foreseeing difficulties of this kind, Schoolcraft was provided with presents, especially with whisky, which triumphed irresistibly over the grievous objections of the Indians. The presents procured for him the assistance of two guides who showed him the mines with the greatest care. Beltram, also had recourse to the influence of whisky, when he arrived three years later, on the same errand. The traders to whom the Foxes were selling the mineral remained on the other side of the river, and they were expressly forbidden to cross over to the village. But in spite of these measures of precaution, such was the value of the mines, and the Americans were so enterprising, that it was very doubtful, said Beltram, if the Indians remained long in possession. Beltram predicted truly for within a few years afterwards, the Americans were masters of the important mines of Dubuque. As soon as the American authorities had

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concluded the treaty by which they acquired from the Sacs and Foxes a great part of Iowa, they dispossessed the heirs of August Chouteau by legal process and force of arms, and confirmed in certain persons the right to mine for lead.

The heirs of Chouteau, and other interested persons, protested against this summary way of disposing of a matter which was in litigation.

In a memorial addressed to the United States senate on the 20th of January, 1836, they affirmed, among other things, that outside of the grant from the Indians the concession made to Dubuque by the governor of Louisiana was valid, that he had obtained it, in consideration of valuable services rendered to the Spanish Crown, in exploring the country and in developing its resources; and that the treaty ceding Louisiana to the United States established the right of the petitioners to the lands, sold by Dubuque to August Chouteau and others; that as there was no tribunal in the mining regions of Dubuque, which could properly decide the question, it was to be feared that the United States authorities would proceed to sell the land in dispute, which would have the effect of entangling the heirs of Chouteau in litigation ruinous to their interests, and they closed their memorial with a demand that the United States would desist from its pretensions, or at least that they would not offer the land granted to Dubuque at public sale, until the title to the same could be properly determined. This memorial was signed by Sere Chouteau, widow of Colonel August Chouteau, Henry Chouteau, Gabriel S. Chouteau, August P. Chouteau and the heirs of John Mullanphy, who, as has already been seen, acquired one-half of the property bought from Dubuque by August Chouteau.

The matter rested in suspense for many years, until finally James H. Phipps, United States commissioner, was charged with the examination of the title to this property. He came to the conclusion that it was a part of the national domain.

Too interested not to sanction with eagerness a decision of this kind, the United States in 1849 placed on sale the mining region, the title to which had been so long in dispute, thus despoiling of their rights to the creditors and heirs, of Dubuque. It was not, however, until 1853 that this question was finally adjudicated by the supreme court favorably to the United States government.

Under "Reminiscences of an Old Settler," I find the following: "In 1832 Tom and William Subtle and myself (Samuel S. Scott) built a skiff at Small Pox Creek, mouth of the Fever, and sailed far upstream. We went up as far as Catfish Creek where stood, the Indian village. The bow of the boat was headed for the little village, and we pitched our tent with the Indians.

"After we had been there some little time, Captain Craig, of Hanover, arrived and the town was laid out about two miles farther up stream from the Catfish Creek. At that time, the land on which Dubuque now stands belong to the Indians, and the soldiers guarded their property. There were no houses between here and Rock Island. And Julien Dubuque's grave, on the brow of the bluff, was the only house known to river pilots between those points.

"What kind of a hut was there over his grave? Was it still standing when we arrived here? Oh yes; the place was a kind of dugout, the

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sides built of rock and forming an oblong square. Over this vault stood a house covered with cedar shingles. I have often crawled through it. His bones were in the grave then, without any doubt, as no body snatchers existed in those days. People were honest then and did not steal. In the hut over the grave lay two whitened skeletons, the bones of an Indian chief and squaw, who, before their death, requested that their bodies be placed over the remains of Julien Dubuque."

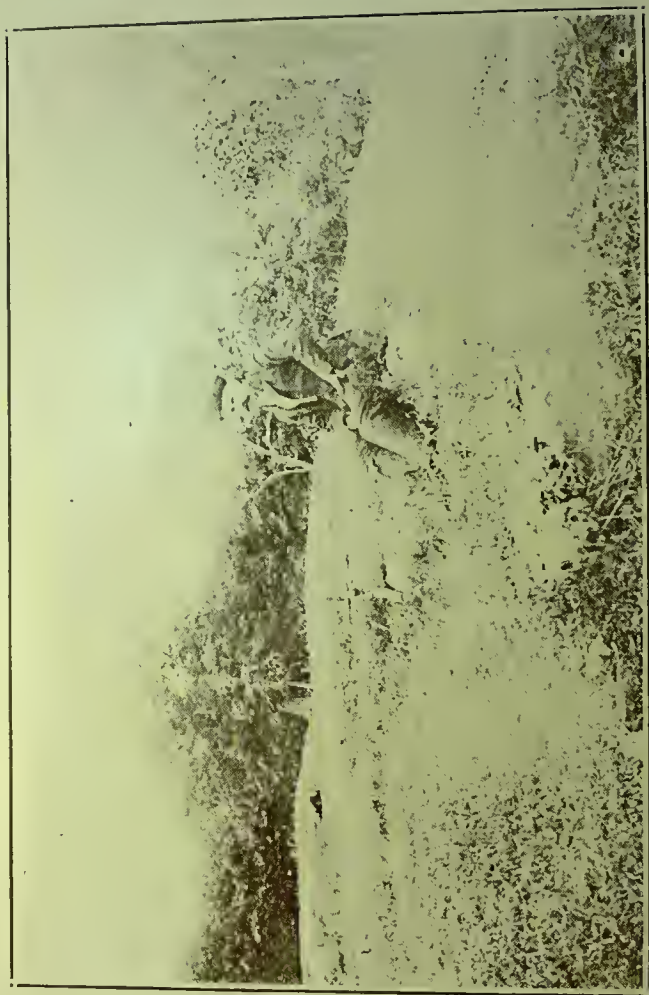
Under the heading, "Dubuque's Bones," I find on page 504 the following: "Nearby, everyone in and around Dubuque knows of the locality of Dubuque's grave. The spot is romantic in situation, and, from its eminence on the top of a high bluff at the mouth of Catfish Creek two miles below, commands an extensive view of the city and the mighty Mississippi as it flows by. But when visited, this famous grave is found to be merely a slight depression in the ground, without indication, slab, stone, or otherwise. Once, however, it is said, the place was rock built, fenced in and within containing the remains of the adventurous founder of Iowa's chief city. All that now can certainly be identified is the lower jawbone or a portion of it. This is in the possession of the children of Mrs. Grave, formerly Miss Dexter. They reside about six miles from town in Center township. From their mother, who came to this country with her husband at an early date, they have the following history of the relic. One morning it was told among the neighbors that the grave was robbed. Mrs. Dexter, among others, went to the spot and found that the leaden coffin had been carried away. Around the grave, with the debris of dirt, stones and boards, were scattered the bones of the illustrious miner. Dishonest cupidity had vandalized all the sacred associations of the sleeping dead, in order to grasp the metal which so appropriately served the remains of one who had sought it as the chief object of his life. Mrs. Dexter, selecting the jawbone mentioned, took it home with her. This only relic, whether more can be got or not, should be secured and once more reinterred in the place now become classic or to say the least, preserved in a museum, say the Institute of Science and Arts."

CHAPTER XI.

Site of Present City of Dubuque Was Rolling Slope Covered With Medium Size Oak Trees.

Mrs. Lawrence, formerly Mrs. Noble Den, an old lady nearly 80 years of age, lived in the same house with us, and personally told the writer that she was the first white woman settler in Dubuque, that she came over on this side of the river right after the battle at Prairie du Chien in 1832. Three brothers, Lucius Langworthy, James Langworthy and Edward Langworthy, were just putting up their first log cabin when she landed here. She said the spot where the present City of Dubuque is located, was a beautiful spot of rolling ground, filled with oak trees of medium size and the ground covered with blue grass. The trees were remarkably even in size and distance apart, giving it almost the appearance of a planted orchard. In the limbs of the trees, especially near the place which is now known as Eagle Point, were buried the papooses or children of the Indians that had lived and died there. They were encased in an outside case made of bark and, tied together on the top, were placed many trinkets. Numerous strings of beads were hanging out from these burial places. There were no adult persons buried here in this manner, to her knowledge, but there was an Indian chief, or warrior, buried near this point in a mound only made a short time before her arrival; which she thinks was one who had either been killed near Prairie du Chien or died here from wounds received in that battle. The way she described it is like this, "He was only partially buried in a mound, as his head and arms were exposed above the mound that had been built around him of earth and gravel that had been brought there from a distance. We shovelled him under," she said.

The Indians were evidently compelled to flee before finishing the mound, as they were fleeing down the river with their conquerors in hot pursuit after them. This burial, however, was complete, except that, if the Indians would have had more time they would have enclosed it with saplings or split logs, roof shaped, like a small hut, as this was the manner of burial of the Muskwakis and the Foxes in general, as shown by the two Indian skeletons in the hut over Dubuque's grave. Blackhawk was buried that way and only recently a Shamman, at Tama, Iowa, where are located a remnant of the Muskwakis that used to live here, was buried in the same manner. I presume the leaving of the head and arms above ground indicates their belief in the resurrection of the body. The earth or gravel is carried there by the near relatives, to show their respect for the dead. It is never taken from the nearby ground, but the further away and the more laborious the task, the more it is considered as a mark of higher respect for the dead.



APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE BEFORE COMMENCING DIGGING
FOR THE FOUNDATION FOR THE MONUMENT

*Mr. Frank J. Pickenbrock sitting on stone wall.
Photograph taken by Mr. Henry Willging.*

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Mrs Lawrence spent the first night in the cabin of Thomas McCraney on this side of the river. This cabin was situated at the foot of the hill right back of where the Wales hotel stood for many years, formerly the "Lorimer House," at the corner of Eighth and Bluff streets.

McCraney's smelting furnace was near the present Diamond House. The Langworthy cabin and furnace were near the end of Mineral street. Their principal diggings, as the mines were called, were up a ways on Kaufman avenue. This place was then known as the Langworthy Hollow, where there is still a mine pointed out as the Indian diggings.

All these before mentioned persons were the very first to form a permanent settlement here, and their descendants living among us today are accounted the most honored of our citizens.

The city was growing at a rapid rate, mercantile and manufacturing enterprises sprung up, and made wonderful progress, and, from its early settlement, opening up to civilization a vast new and rich domain, rightfully became known as the Key City of Iowa. The Early Settlers formed themselves into an association for the purpose of forming friendship among its members and keeping up old acquaintances. For a great number of years the Early Settlers' picnic was eagerly looked forward to, with pleasant anticipations, because at these yearly reunions, reminiscences of the past were indulged in, and many facts brought out that otherwise would have been lost to history.

It was on one of these occasions that a resolution was made that a monument should be placed over the grave of Julien Dubuque and for this purpose quite a sum of money was raised, but as the committee had in mind a granite shaft of large dimensions, which they found on inquiry would cost several thousand dollars, the matter was postponed from year to year, until, as the Early Settlers were getting less, and the fund started for this purpose not any larger, it looked like a hopeless case, until in 1897, in the "Dubuque of Today," one J. H. Stevenson poetically expressed the situation in the following words:

BY DUBUQUE'S GRAVE.

As here upon this bluff I stand,
I gaze in wonder and delight,
Upon a scene more fair by far,
Than Moses saw on Pisgah's height.
As far as vision may extend,
The view is grand beyond compare;
And smiling nature sits enthroned,
Bedecked in beauty ev'rywhere.

The Mississippi river flows
In all its grandeur 'neath my feet,
And as it journeys toward the seas,
I catch its murmurs low and sweet.
And stretching out for miles away,
A sea of splendor is unrolled,
On which I gaze with wistful eye,
And feel a joy that's uncontrolled.

O, lovely scene! O, vision rare!
Enraptured here I stand and gaze,
And while in admiration lost,
I render to the Author praise.

See yonder hills and smiling vales,
The fairest mortal ever saw,
And farther still, though faintly seen,
The sky-kissed mound, Sinsinawa.

Near to the spot where now I stand,
A stately edifice I trace;
Above the roof a Cross is raised,
Proclaiming it a sacred place.
Within the precincts of its walls.
A band of Sisters there abide,
Who consecrate their lives to God,
And whose abode is sanctified.

I pause to view the sacred place,
Then farther up the river look,
And just beyond the "Mother House"
I see the city of Dubuque;
And turning yonder distant bend,
A steamer coming down I see,
And waving proudly from her mast
The emblem of the brave and free.

No artist's mind could e'er conceive,
A scene of beauty so supreme;
Such loveliness as pictured here,
Has never entered poets' dream;
And on this bluff, if legend's true,
Is where Dubuque is laid away.
But not a mark of any kind,
Is raised above his silent clay.

Less worthy dust has honored been,
By granite shaft of sculptured stone,
But for the founder of Dubuque,
His resting place is scarcely known;
A few short years, and who can tell,
That here his grave was ever made,
Since neither slab nor shaft appears,
To indicate where he was laid.

The savages that roamed the plains,
Reposed in him their fullest trust;
And to earth he was consigned.
Raised shaft of lead above his dust.
But vandal hands of sordid knaves,
To ev'ry spark of manhood dead,
To satisfy their greed for gain.
Despoiled the grave and stole the lead.

O, People of Dubuque, for shame!
No longer suffer such disgrace;
But raise a shaft above his tomb,
To mark his final resting place.
And then when strangers ask of thee,
To know the spot where he was laid,
You then can point to yonder bluff,
And say "'twas there his grave was made

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But though his grave should still be left,
Without a stone to mark the spot
While yonder city proudly stands
His name can never be forgot.
On bronze and stone it's graven there,
On sacred edifice and face,
And though his grave may be unknown,
The name "Dubuque" shall still remain.

But what cares he for bronze or stone,
Whose dust now mingles with the clay,
Yon' city of magnificence,
Is more enduring far than they;
How beautiful it sets enthroned,
The center of this lovely scene,
Begirt with beauty, glory crowned,
Like some empurpled royal queen.

Yon' massive buildings that I see,
With turrets rising in the air,
Appear to me like palaces,
By some enchantment planted theme.
Those sacred fanes with lofty spires,
Are where poor sinner 'neath the rod,
May go and kneel in fervent prayer,
And make eternal peace with God.

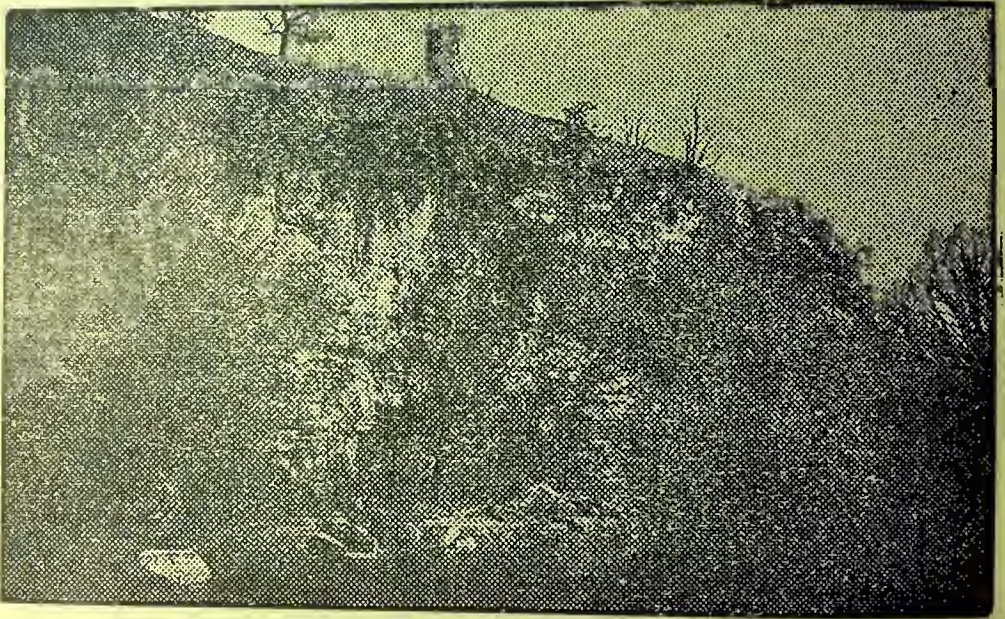
Yon' curling smoke, from chimneys fall,
In clouds ascending overhead,
Denotes where honest sons of toil,
By labor earn their daily bread.
And yonder where, "Old Glory" waves,
And spreads herself to catch the wind,
Is where the scenes of knowledge are,
Implanted in the youthful mind.

Palatial mansions, not a few,
Beneath the bluffs in grandeur rise,
And take the place for all in all,
It seems an earthly paradise;
Bright happy homes lie stretched away,
As far as human eye can look;
And there is not in all the state
Another city like Dubuque.

They're gone. They're gone,
They're gone to the unseen shore,
Their life work is all well done,
Brave Julien and Kelly and many more,
Have followed there one by one.
But why, brave Knight of Giant will,
Why not, ere you strike your tent,
Of the lime stone rock they did cut and drill,
Uprear them a monument.

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Some of the younger and more energetic of Dubuque citizens, members of the Iowa Institute of Science and Arts, as well as of the Early Settlers Association, deplored this condition of things and suggested that something ought to be done, to set a monument over the grave of Dubuque's first white settler. Dr. T. W. Ruete, president of the Iowa Institute of Science and Arts suggested a tower, like the Castles on the Rhine, might be built from the Galena Lime Stone in which the lead was found. Alexander Simplot drew a pencil sketch of such a tower which seemed to meet the approval of those present. Captain F. E. Erwin suggested that such a tower would be an appropriate monument, and if quarried from the rock near there, it ought not to cost so very much; that he would see some contractors that lived near there, and see what they would be willing to put the tower up for. It was found that it could be put up, and the ground facing the bluffs fenced with iron and wire fencing for five hundred and sixty dollars. This was thought within the reach of the interested group of citizens and a subscription paper



SITE OF JULIEN DUBUQUE'S GRAVE.

started to defray the expenses. The writer had the honor to head the list with the largest individual subscription. Within a few days a sufficient amount was signed to warrant going ahead, and on September 29th, 1897, a joint meeting of the Iowa Institute of Science and Arts of Dubuque, and the Early Settlers' Association was held at the office of Philip Pier, and there was formed the Julien Dubuque Monument Association. As the association was to acquire the locality of the grave and a few acres of ground surrounding it, it was necessary to incorporate under the state law, to receive, hold and maintain the same. Articles of incorporation were therefore submitted, read and adopted. As required by the articles of incorporation officers were chosen and the following gentlemen were elected as directors to serve for five years: J. P. Quigley, Dr. T. W. Ruete, Alexander Simplot, Philip Pier and Richard Herrmann. To expedite matters, the general meeting was adjourned, sine die, and a meeting of the newly elected directors of the Monument asso-

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clation at once called for the election of officers, and the rapid prosecution of the work, resulting in the election of Dr. T. W. Ruete, president; Philip Pier, vice president; Alexander Simplot, secretary, and Richard Herrmann, treasurer.

M. E. Erwin was selected by the board of trustees to superintend the erection of the monument. Plans were drawn and submitted and the contract let to Carter Brothers, who without delay, prepared for their work. They erected a derrick near the spot where the monument was to be built and commenced quarrying the stone. A fair quality of building stone of the Galena formation, a magnesian lime stone, that becomes quite hard, after being exposed to the air for sometime was used. The weather was favorable and the Carter Brothers soon had a sufficient quantity raised to commence digging for the foundation. The place at this time was only marked by a stone wall. The wall was of rough lime stone, measuring seven feet north and south by eleven feet east and west. The new structure was to be a circular tower of Galena Lime stone twelve feet in diameter and twenty-eight feet high, of medieval design, with door on the east side of iron rods and securely locked.

Captain M. E. Erwin and Richard Herrman, the committee having the work in charge, were on the ground the entire time during the digging for the foundation and were on the lookout to observe and preserve all that could be found of the remains that might be still in the grave of Dubuque's first white settler, for according to a report in the Dubuque county history it is stated that the grave had been dug open before and the remains taken away. The committee, therefore, had small hopes of finding very much but when about four feet down we came upon quite a number of loose and smaller bones of a human person, which were carefully gathered. Thinking that these were all there were, we planned to have these reinterred when the structure was completed.

You can imagine the surprise and joy of the committee when, about four feet further down, we came upon the original interment and found the remains of Julien Dubuque, almost complete. The surrounding ground had every appearance of having been disturbed. He was found near the north wall, in fact right under it, about eight feet down—measuring from the top of the slope of the ground—lying full length and facing the west. Near the skeleton was quite a heap of flint flakes of about the size of a silver half dollar of irregular clipped shapes. A little further south, lying in the same direction but in a more reclining position, we discovered the remains of an Indian chief which we presumed to be Peosta, the Fox Indian chief and life-long friend of Julien Dubuque. We came to this conclusion from the fact that he was buried inside the walled enclosure, side by side with Julien Dubuque, and there is a well authenticated tradition that he requested to be buried in the same grave with him. The skeleton of this chief gave the appearance of having been from a man of commanding appearance, such as would be recognized anywhere as a leader among his tribe. Near his body we found a small disc-shaped pipe of red pipestone, or Cathnite, with a very small opening or bowl, not nearly the depth of the size of a thimble. Under this and very close to this disc-shaped top, was a small projection suitable for holding a small wooden or reed stem. This pipe, and particularly the bowl part, is so entirely different from the usual calumet or peace pipe, or a pipe for smoking tobacco, that we thought it must have been used for smoking opium, either by Julien Dubuque or the Indian chief, but since that I learned that it is similar to a pattern used by Alaska Indians and China-

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men along the coast in Canada and around Vancouver Island that they use a very strong and fragrant tobacco and their sole ambition is to keep the tiny spark of fire alive in the little flat top pipe.

We also found the skull of a fox squirrel in the grave, which might have been used in the end of a medicine bag or worn on the head as an ornament to a cap. There were also found with this about a dozen small arrow points of white sugar loaf flint, all exactly alike in material, size and pattern.

On the outside of the walled enclosure and very close to the south wall facing west, we found the skull and bones of an Indian woman, which we presumed to be those of the Fox woman, Potosa, who George Catlin said in his report to the government, was the wife of Julien Dubuque. We think that the reason she was buried just outside of the walled enclosure, was that it was against their custom for women to be buried in the same mound with the great chiefs, or that the wall was put up years later, just missing her grave by a foot or two.

The finding of these bodies and the articles by their side was the cause of great excitement. Captain M. E. Erwin and myself were there from 8 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, forgetting all about our meals and everything else except the work before us. Every bit of ground was carefully raked over by hand so that hardly the smallest head could escape our notice. The remark was made by Carter brothers that we were raking over the ground as though we were hunting for Klondyke gold.

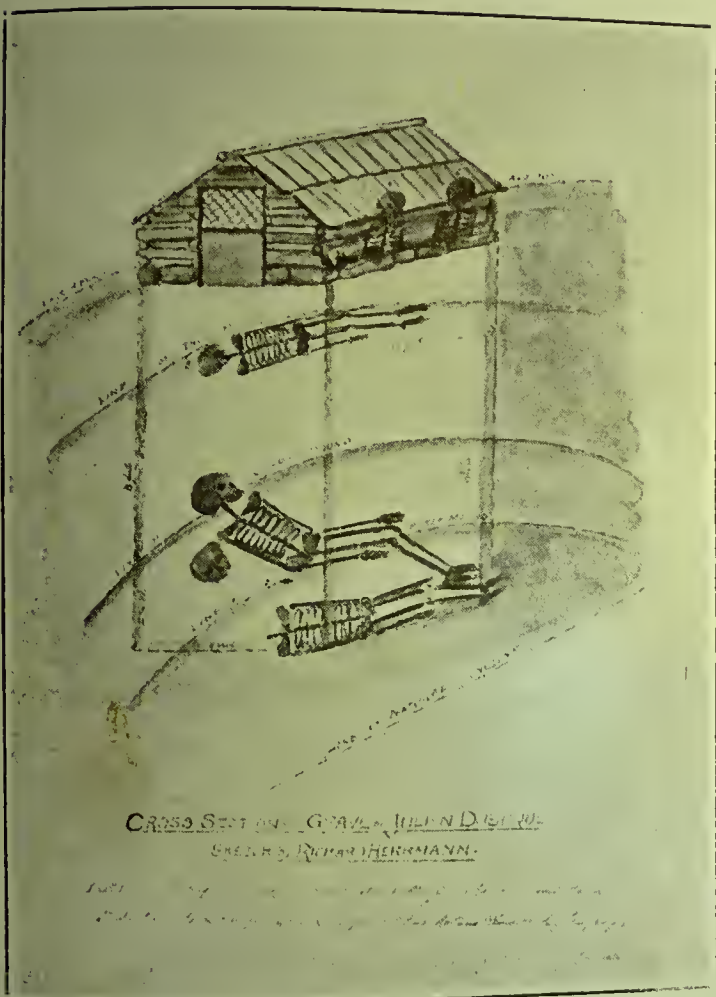
A report to the Smithsonian Institute was made concerning these skulls

An extract from a letter to Prof. W. J. McGee, October 12th, 1897, follows: Dear Sir: I take pleasure in sending you a picture of the wall where the hut, or vault once was, that was painted by George Catlin in his picture No. 330, just as it appeared before we commenced digging for the foundation of the tower. I will also send you another when the tower or monument shall have been completed. I enclose you large size photographs of the three skulls, which I had already had taken before receipt of your letter."

The finding of the bones of Dubuque and the Indian chief created quite a stir and considerable excitement as a great many people had come to believe that they had been previously carried away, were therefore very much surprised that they had been mistaken and the committee were the subject of hearty congratulations from all sides for the successful find.

The bones and trinkets were carefully packed together and carried by Mr. R. Herrmann to his residence, where they were laid together as near as possible as they originally belonged and many favorable comments were made by our daily papers the following day. Some extracts I will mention here:

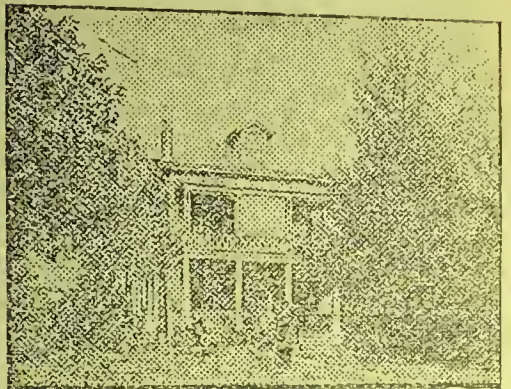
"The skeletons taken from the grave of Julien Dubuque, at the point of the bluff where the founder of our city was buried have been carefully put together and are now on exhibition at the residence of R. Herrmann, 2419 Couler avenue. As a deep interest has been aroused since the finding of these bones and the other work which is being done in erecting the monument which will mark the spot, several persons went up to Mr.



SURVEY MADE BY RICHARD HERRMANN AT
 THE TIME OF DIGGING FOR FOUNDATION FOR
 THE MONUMENT AND LOCATION AND FIND-
 ING OF THE REMAINS OF JULIEN DUBUQUE
 AND THE INDIAN CHIEF, PEOSTA

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Herrmann's last night to look at the skeletons. Mr. Herrmann had arranged them in a vacant room up stairs on a bare floor where they are lying in a perfect position, thus giving an outline of the form of the founder of our city, who was a small man, about 5 feet 7 inches high. His head is well shaped, with a high and well rounded forehead. The skull, neck bones and shoulders and a number of the ribs and legs, complete are there, also the arms, all in a good state of preservation.



Herrman Museum of Natural History.

"By his side are the bones of Peosta, the chief who was buried by his side—a giant six feet two inches in height with heavy bones. In this skeleton nearly every bone is to be found—the head, vertebrae, ribs, arms, hands, legs and feet, making an almost complete skeleton. Those who went out last night were much interested at the sight and Mr. Herrmann, who is a noted relic hunter, deserves considerable praise for spending so much time in arranging the bones.

"Those who met there and saw the bones were: Dr. J. P. Quigley, Capt. M. E. Erwin, W. H. Morehiser, Dr. T. W. Ruete, D. D. Carver, Tom McNear, A. L. Pizer, Charles McNear and Dr. Hugo Soltan. Dr. Quigley has taken much interest in this work. Dr. Ruete and Captain Erwin were also greatly pleased and deeply interested. They have chartered the Steamer Teal and will go down the river Sunday to visit the spot, look over the grounds and examine the work now in progress on the monument. The latter has reached seven feet above ground and will be hurried along. Many others will also go down Sunday."

Another extract follows:

"Julien Dubuque's grave proved to be a mecca Sunday afternoon when it was visited by at least 1500 people, including the representatives of all the city newspapers, and if it had not been for the fact that the sky had the appearance of rain at least 3,000 people would have visited the grave. The railway track was black with people going and coming and the route up the bluff was made much easier by a path which had been built under the supervision of the committee in charge of the building of the monument. The only trouble experienced in going up the route was the dust, which was about three or four inches deep in some places, but even with this drawback, it was a far better way to reach the objective point. When the committee reached the summit they found the point of the bluff on which the grave is located actually black with people and among them were many ladies.

"The monument, which is circular in shape, has reached a height of seven feet, the inside diameter of the column being about eight feet. The rock used is being taken from the point of the bluff and it is so near at hand that it can be swung from the quarry to a point near the monument by means of a thirty-foot derrick. Carter brothers, the contractors, are doing a very creditable job. The rock is being dressed just enough to bring the monument, when completed, in keeping with the primeval surroundings. At the rate at which the work is now progressing, the monument will be finished within the next three weeks.

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"There is a doorway about two feet wide and six feet high on the east side and when the monument is completed iron bars will be placed in it, something like a cell door, and the grave will be re-arranged and walled up and the remains of Dubuque placed therein and covered with a stone slab which will bear the following inscription 'Julien Dubuque, Miner of the Mines of Spain. Founder of our city, died March 24th, 1810.' This inscription can be seen through the bars, which will be securely fastened to save the grave from desecration at the hands of vandals.

"Capt. M. E. Erwin, who is taking great interest in the building of the monument, exhibited the trinkets found Saturday in the grave of an Indian warrior, which is about sixty feet west of Dubuque's grave and higher up the ridge. They included his pipe, wampum, beads, earrings, his war paint brush with which it was applied and pieces of the little iron pot which contained the paint. The remains, which are in a little tool shed built near the site of the monument, were also shown to those who desired to see them. They are those of a man six feet three inches in height and those who are supposed to know say he was a chief and must have been a noble looking specimen of the red son of the forest.

"The ladies crowded about the Captain when he announced that he would show the paint and feathers worn by 'Lo, the poor Indian.' Several of the professors of St. Joseph's college and many prominent citizens were present.

"Capt. Morehiser, with his little steamer, took a party consisting of the following gentlemen to the grave on Sunday afternoon: Phil Pier, Capt. T. W. Ruete, Capt. Erwin, Alex Simplot, Jno. P. Quigley, Richard Herrmann and Jos. Morgan. The day was beautiful and the party had a delightful time. Capt. Richard Herrmann brought up with him the skeletons of two Indians. It has been a long time since dead Indians have been carried through our Main street."

From the Dubuque Globe, October 13th, 1897, we glean the following. "Among those who were present at Dubuque's grave last Sunday was Dr. J. P. Quigley. Speaking with reference to the finding of the remains of Peosta, he gave it as his opinion that many other noted warriors of the Sac and Fox tribes and of the Iowas were buried on the picturesque bluff where the red sons of the forest placed the remains of their friend, Julien Dubuque.

"At the time that Dubuque was here, this section of the then unexplored wilderness of the west was the home of several noted Indian chiefs, men who were the equals of the famous Blackhawk in point of natural ability as warriors and leaders of their respective tribes. Among these were Gopher Head, Grey Eagle and Rolling Cloud, all men of renown and who had on many occasions defeated the Chippewas and Winnebagos. The two first named were Sacs and the latter was a Fox, and according to tradition they were as fine specimens of physical manhood as one could wish to look upon. All were six feet or over, and were disposed to make war on neighboring tribes. They were ever ready to defend their rights when these were assailed. They lived in peace for many years previous to the coming of Dubuque to the place that was in after years to see a metropolitan city bearing his name and, after his coming, having been shown by him that war could do no good, but much harm.

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"They lived in peace until the white man took possession of their territory, when they naturally resisted the invaders, but finally had to retreat toward the land of the setting sun. All three of the chiefs named in the foregoing were killed in the battle which took place on Horse Shoe Bluff, which is the bluff that towers up to a height of over 200 feet on the south side of the valley of the Catfish, the latter in those days being known as 'the Tonrokeka,' which, in the Sac language, means the "crooked stream."

CHAPTER XI.

Three Great Indian Chiefs Are Buried Near Julien Dubuque's Grave.

A number of the early settlers are quite familiar with the tradition regarding the battle in which, after a desperate struggle of three days, fifteen hundred of the Sacs, Foxes and Iowas were driven, or rather deliberately jumped over the bluff, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies and be tortured to death. It has for many years been supposed that it was over the bluff on which Dubuque's grave is located that these Indians went to their death, but it has been shown by later investigation that they went over Horse Shoe Bluff.

The impression prevails and it is generally believed, that a few days after the battle, some of those who escaped death brought the remains of the three chiefs up to the bluff and buried them in the dead of night. Constable Thomas Alsop, who was one of the prominent members of the Early Settlers' society, says that he has often heard how the burial took place. The battle is supposed to have taken place in June, and three nights afterwards the remnant that escaped carried the remains of the chiefs up to the point where Dubuque was buried. It was a mournful procession of Indian braves that wended its way up the bluff, on reaching the top, graves were dug, and the three great chiefs interred at intervals of about thirty feet apart.

The night was calm and everything in nature was still—still as the hearts of the gallant leaders who were about to be returned to the bosom of Mother Earth. With God's eye of the night illuminating the majestic river and the surroundings, there was a weird loveliness in the scene, as the three chiefs were laid to rest—not to be disturbed until such time as grateful people should do honor to the memory of the man who was their friends.

Extracts from two lectures delivered before the Literary Institute on December 18, 1854, and February 26, 1855, by Lucius H. Langworthy, of Dubuque, follow: "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: In this lecture I propose to give a brief statement of incidents connected with the early history of Dubuque, from 1830 to 1836, a period prior to any authentic published account, together with some Indian traditions, and such other matters as have fallen under my own observation, or have been orally transmitted.

"It will be proper, perhaps, to review some of the circumstances that led to our first settlement here, and the conditions of the upper Mississippi Valley, at the time of which I shall first speak. There were no white inhabitants settled upon all the region north and west of the Illinois river. Thirteen miles square of mining land had been closed to the

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government of the United States by the Winnebago Indians, at Galena. A few trading posts were established along the Mississippi, at various points above St. Louis, forts were erected and garrisons at Warsaw, then Ft. Edwards, Ft. Armstrong at Rock Island, and Ft. Crawford at Prairie du Chien. Indian villages linked the banks of the stream at different places and mere trails united us with St. Louis and central Illinois.

"The Indians were immensely numerous, jealous of the white people who were approaching their borders, and ready upon any provocation to fly into open hostilities against them. Many renowned chiefs, such as Blackhawk and Keokuk, stood at the head of the respective bands of the different nations to inspire dread and apprehension among the mingling masses, as the first wave of civilization rolled onward to the western wilds. Strange, that such a vast aboriginal population should so soon pass away, and the place be usurped by the intruding white man, with his innovations and improvements.

"At that time no steamboats navigated the Mississippi, except, occasionally one, laden with government stores for the different garrisons along the river. Supplies for the new settlers had to be transported from Ohio and Kentucky, in keel boats, and a journey to the lead mines then, was like a journey now to Oregon and California. No thought was then entertained that this mining region would ever become the home of permanent settlers, or useful for purposes of agriculture. It was deemed a sterile, frozen region. Galena, had, however, a place on the maps, and became of considerable commercial importance long before Dubuque was known, except by the French and Spanish traders, who, for barter with the Indians for their furs and peltry, had long before penetrated the wilds of North America. But even they had gone onward to the better hunting grounds in the great plains and mountain passes of the west.

"In 1830, a war between the Indians themselves began with all the horrors of savage barbarity. Some ten or twelve Sac and Fox chiefs, with their party were going to Prairie du Chien from Dubuque, or rather from the "Little Fox Village" as it was then called, as delegates to attend the treaty conference to be held there by United States commissioners. But when at Cassville Island, in their canoes, they were attacked by a large war party of Sioux and literally cut to pieces. Only two of all their number escaped. One, being wounded, never reached home, and the other, being shot through the body, lived only to tell of the disaster.

"He arrived in their village, after swimming streams, hiding and skulking along, and starving with hunger, in time to die among his kindred and friends. The tribe, now in great confusion and alarm, left the place and the graves of their Fathers, mostly never to return, and thus, these mines, and this beautiful country was left vacant, and open to settlement; for previously the Indians would allow no one to intrude upon their lands.

"There were mines of lead worked here as early as 1800 by the natives aided by Julien Dubuque, an Indian trader, who adopted their habits and customs, married into their tribe, and became a great chief among them. He is said to have been of French parentage, of small stature, greatly addicted to the vices incident upon the coming of Spanish and Indian races in America, and a great medicine man. He would take live snakes of the most venomous kinds into his arms and to his bosom, and was constantly regarded by the Indians with a superstitious veneration. He died in 1810 and was buried on a high bluff that overlooks

the river, near the Indian village at the mouth of Catfish Creek. A stone house surmounted by a red cedar cross, with a leaden door, was placed around his grave, which may be still seen, though in a dilapidated condition.

"When I first visited his tomb in 1830 the remains of two Indian chiefs were deposited within, I suppose as a mark of peculiar distinction. Or the cross is inscribed the following in French, which being translated literally is: 'Julien Dubuque, Miner of the Mines of Spain, Died this 24th Day of March, 1810, Aged 48 years and Six Months.'

"The country had just been abandoned by the Red men. Their mocasin tracks were yet fresh in the prairie trails along which the retiring race had fled on their mysterious mission westward, and the decaying embers were yet cooling in their deserted hearths within their now lonely and silent wigwams.

"Where Dubuque now stands, cornfields stretched along the bluffs, up the ravines, and the Couler valley, and a thousand acres of level land skirting the shore, was covered with tall grass, as a field of waving grain. But the stalks of the corn were of last year's growth, the ears had been plucked and they withered and blighted, left standing alone, mournful representatives of the vanished race. A large village was then standing at the mouth of Catfish Creek, silent, solitary, deserted. No one remained to greet us, but the mystic shadows of the past.

"About seventy buildings constructed with poles and the bark of trees, remained to tell of those who had so recently inhabited them. Their council house, though rude, was ample in its dimensions, and contained a great number of furnaces, in which kettles had been placed, to prepare the feast of peace, or war. But their council fires had gone out. On the inner surface of the bark, there were paintings done with considerable artistic skill, representing the buffalo, elk, bear, panther and other animals of the chase; also their wild sports on the prairie, and even their feats in war, where chief meets chief, and warriors mix in bloody fray. Thus was retained a rude record of their national history. Could the place have been preserved on the canvas as by the Daguerrean art, it would have been an interesting relic, but nothing now remains of it, and but few know that such a place ever existed. It was burned down in the summer of 1830, by some visitors in a spirit of vandalism, much to the regret of the new settlers.

"Just below the village stands the noted Sioux Bluff, noted in Indian tradition as the place where was fought the last great battle between the Sacs and Fox, and the Sioux, who were continually at war with each other. It is an isolated bluff, some two hundred feet high, with the side next to the river perpendicular and separated from the adjoining bluffs by a wide valley passing all around it. Here, according to the legends of the day, a Sioux band of warriors made a last and final stand. They had partially fortified their position by a thick line of brushwood, cut down and interlocked together, and here, with their wives and children, awaited the attack of the warlike Sacs and Fox, now for the first time united into one band. Night came on, and the foe was near, confident in his strength, flushed with recent victory. At night the dusky warriors began to ascend the hill with silent, slow, and measured pace. Then, with one desperate rush, the outposts were gained and the sentinels dispersed setting on fire the brushwood defenses, illuminating the battle ground. They fought with the advantage of darkness about them, while the Sioux were exposed in the light to the deadly aim of their arrows and

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guns. The fight was immediately around the burning outlines of the camp, until the Sioux, thinned in numbers, began to give way. The chiefs and warriors of the assailants, with war clubs and tomahawks, charged upon them in overwhelming numbers.

"Short, but terrible was the conflict upon the verge of the towering cliff to which they were now driven, for amidst the wild yells and terrific scenes of savage warfare, the Sioux were all slaughtered on the spot, or hurled headlong from the precipice to the vale below. Along the margin of the bluff was to be seen their bleaching bones at the time of the white man's earliest settlement.

"The Indians never pass this crag, without ascending to its summit and casting pebbles, and other substances, upon this place of carnage. it is said a youthful fairy form, every full moon at midnight hour, is seen to hover around the fatal spot, and for years has been heard to wail over her slain.

"Once in each year, the custom is, among surviving friends, to visit the resting places of their distinguished chiefs, and pile new earth upon their graves. This is a simple, though touching symbol of remembrance. On the prairie, where Dubuque now stands, there were a number of ancient mounds. Some of these tumuli, or whatever they may be called, were of a round, others of a square form, and some were arranged in parallel lines, giving them the appearance of old fortifications, which indeed some theorists suppose them to have been. Others think they were erected by the Incas, "Children of the Sun," the ancient Peruvians, in their migrations, or that they were the mausoleums of the distinguished dead of a race, who, have long since passed away. The mounds were used by the Indians for burial places, especially, while Dubuque lived among them, though sometimes they wrapped their dead in blankets, or bark, and placed them up in the branches of the trees, and often on scaffolding. At this time many were to be seen among the trees along where Main street now runs, that being the only point where timber then grew. In some of the mounds which were opened the bodies were found quite entire, with little trinkets about them, such as pieces of silver, wampum beads, knives, tomahawks, etc.

"There was an immense sized mound on Seventh street, where the court house and the Jefferson hotel now stand, which was levelled when the streets were graded. I have a broad silver bracelet and eight blue beads from this mound in my collection, obtained through the courtesy of Saul K. Scott, who got them himself from the mound when he was a small boy. There is also a stone gambling device which came from this mound."

In grading down the hill just west of the place where the Dubuque monument was being erected, we came upon another Indian grave, in a mound about twenty-five feet west of that of Dubuque, which we supposed to be that of Chief "Gopherhead," for in this grave, along with the remains, were found the skull of a gopher, which very likely was carried by him to indicate his rank, and how he derived his title Chief "Gopherhead." About forty-seven feet west from the monument was another Indian grave of considerably later interment, for they had already adopted part of the mode of burial of the white people, of burial in a rude coffin. All the others before described were buried in the true Indian fashion in mounds, without any coffin. This we supposed to be that of the "Kettle Chief," who lived at the village the time the white settlers flocked in here in considerable numbers, about the years 1830 to

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1832. In his rude coffin were found a great number of brass trinkets and silk ribbons procured from the traders, and a small iron kettle filled with vermillion, red dry paint, which very likely was very highly prized by him, and gave him the name of "Kettle Chief." I will quote an extract of my report of the finding of this grave which I made to the Smithsonian Institute at the time.

Prof. W. J. McGee, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., My Dear Sir: In writing up the Muskewiki Indians, which I understand are the last remnant of the Fox Indians which once lived at the mouth of the Catfish Creek near this city, would it be proper to mention these Indians in their customs in the manner of the burial of their dead, as being a sort of transition between the customs of the mound builders, to those of the whites, if you think the following, will be sufficient, to warrant giving them that distinction? I have already written what Mrs. Lawrence told me about the Indian buried in a mound at Eagle Point about the time she came here, in sitting position, with the head, arms and shoulders exposed above the ground. This was evidently their custom, as the thing was done in the burial of Chief Blackhawk—see page 28, Smithsonian reports 1885, part III. It was also the manner in which the two Indian skeletons were seated in the hut, directly over the mound in which Julien Dubuque and another Indian chief, supposedly to have been Peosta, were buried, which have been seen by many citizens now living here, about the years 1832-3-4-5 and which was described by George Catlin, page 236, in the same reports.

The Indian chief, Peosta, above mentioned, buried in the mound with Julien Dubuque, was also in a sitting posture. The shaman, recently buried at Tama, Iowa, the description of which I sent you in the newspaper clipping at that time, also tallies in every particular to the above mentioned. These seem to be also very similar to the customs of the Sioux. In grading off the top of the ridge, forty-seven feet west from the monument, we came upon the transition referred to. We found an Indian warrior, in war paint and feathers, in a rude coffin, by his side a pipe of red catlinite with tobacco in the pipe, his scalp lock done up, painted and ornamented with an eagle's feather, a portion of blanket under the head, a small iron kettle by his side, filled with dry red paint, and otherwise ornamented with a great number of beads, and bangles of brass, and ribbon; all of which goes to show, that he was buried either about the year 1832 or very soon thereafter, when the white settlers had already come in here in greater numbers, and the Indians had imitated the mode of burial of the whites.

"This warrior was found lying full length in the coffin, facing the east, while all the others found in Dubuque's grave proper faced the west. There is a curious custom observed here by the Trappist Monks at Melary's near this city. I am told that all the fathers are buried facing west, while all the brothers, facing east. I am somewhat a student in the mysteries of Free Masonry, and am especially interested in Royal Arch Masonry, which is supposed, if not of Hebrew religion, to be at least of Hebrew tradition. I was, therefore, interested in reading the report of the Indian agent at Tama regarding the "Me sham" which I presume would be under the especial care of the Sham man, or elder of their people, page 39 Smithsonian reports 1885, Part II, where he says 'They have a well defined religion.' While not what might strictly be called orthodox, it is wide apart from paganism. They believe in the living Good, and seriously and devotedly worship Him, regarding Him as the Giver of all their good things, and a sure Avenger of their wrongs. Their religion



EARLY SETTLERS ASSOCIATION MEETING AT THE MONUMENT
AFTER ITS COMPLETION

Richard Herrmann among the number.

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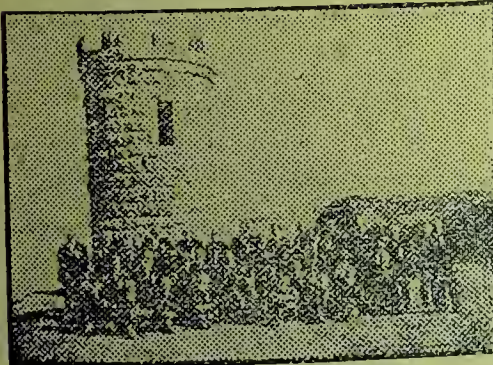
partakes largely of the Jewish character. Feasts are held and prayers offered before their crops are planted, and another series of prayers and thanksgiving when their crops are gathered. Blessings and invocations are said when a child is born, and beautiful prayers are offered at the grave for the safe transmission of the Spirit of the dead to Heaven.

"Holy or consecrated tobacco is burned on certain occasions as incense, and they have something that profane eyes are never allowed to see, called "me-sham" corresponding to the 'Jewish Ark of the covenant.' No doubt this has come somewhat under our investigation, under their tribal customs or occult arts. I noticed something in the newspaper clipping referred to, which was headed, "Born here in 1810. A Peoria chief, he has just died at Tama," which would strengthen the Indian agent's assertion that there was a similarity of burial service, and I can also see quite a striking similarity in the heavy pole erected at the west end in the characters painted on same to the Royal Arch Banner.

"The marks refer to an event in his life, where five of their tribe had an encounter with four Pawnee Indians in Kansas, and the taking of the four scalps, has its counterpart inscription, where four were against five, and the five came out victorious.

"I am happy to say we got the monument or tower completed in thirty days from the time we started. If it will interest you, I can send you a photograph taken on the day of its completion, October 31st, 1897. You can compare it with the hut that was there in 1835, as painted in the George Catlin picture, and see if we made any improvement.

"Agreeable to my promise in the last letter, I take pleasure in sending you a photograph of the Julien Dubuque monument just at its completion. It was taken at the exact moment that the remains of Julien Dubuque were being redeposited into their original resting place, but now inside of the tower. They were in a nice walnut case made by the Dubuque Cabinet Makers' Association.



My son, Oscar Herrmann, and myself carried it down on the cars, and then up the steep hill with our own hands, where in front of the speakers' stand, they were viewed by the thousands of persons on the ground, where the case had been opened, so that all might have a chance to see them before being laid away, and at the moment this picture was taken, they were being cemented in with about four feet of cement and concrete all around the case in the inside of the tower.

Notables Attending the Dedication of the Julien Dubuque Tomb.

"The concourse of people discernable on the point, are only a very small portion of the great crowds that had gathered on the grounds, but were now listening to an eloquent and most exhaustive oration on the life of Julien Dubuque by the Hon. James H. Shields. On the picture are more to the left in the grove, up the hill, and a small portion can be seen, but they are mostly hidden from view by the large tree, heavy with leaves, some distance to the left from the monument. I also take pleasure in sending you photograph of the skeleton, which was found in the same mound nearest to, or rather side by side with that of Peosta,

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first, because he was named as the chief who lived here at that time, whose squaw is reported as having discovered and worked the lead mines here, when the grant was made to Julien Dubuque; and tradition has it here, that the chief requested to be buried in the same mound with Dubuque. We did not get quite all of the bones, as some of the smaller ones were evidently overlooked by us. My son, Oscar Herrmann, who is a student at present at the Dubuque high school, did the best he could under these circumstances in articulating the skeleton. In order that you may compare the size, I enclose you one with a gentleman by the name of Holmes, of the New York Mutual Life Insurance company, by its side, who I think to be about the same in height as Julien Dubuque probably was. You will notice quite a difference in favor of the Indian for stature. I am glad of the good things you were pleased to say in your last. It is the love of the study of the beauties in nature to learn to observe things correctly, and yet to understand them just as they are, that induced me to put in my spare time in this way, and which I consider time well and pleasantly spent. With this I take the liberty to send you my impression book. In it is some of the correspondence, which was partly the cause, to stir up the interest that led up to the building of the monument. You can read it if you wish, at your leisure, and return to me the book after you are through with it, at your convenience.

Respectfully yours,
RICHARD HERRMANN.

In a short time the writer received the following reply:
Smithsonian Institute,
Bureau of American Ethnology,
Washington, September 24, 1899.

My Dear Sir: It is a pleasure to return you herewith, by registered mail, the press copy book containing the record of your correspondent, etc., in relation to Julien Dubuque and the Muskwayki Indian, Peosta, whose body was buried with that of the pioneer lead miner. I am greatly indebted for your courtesy in permitting me the use of the book, and congratulate you on the happy issue of your labors.

Yours cordially,
W. J. McGEE,
Ethnologist-in-Charge.

Mr. Richard Herrmann,
Iowa Institute of Science and Arts,
Dubuque, Iowa.

CHAPTER XII.

Indian Chief Born In Dubuque In 1810 Dies On Tama Indian Reservation In 1897.

Some interesting newspaper clippings concerning Julien Dubuque, the Indians of this section and early Dubuque days give the following information:

"Born here in 1810. A Fox chief. He has just died at Tama. Born the same year Julien Dubuque died. The last war-chief of the tribe. The successor of Chief Peosta of the Fox Indians died last week Monday on the Tama Indian reservation in this state. Peosta's remains were found last week in the grave of Julien Dubuque, where he was placed soon after the latter died. They were found in a sitting posture—the Indian mode of burying chiefs. The late Chief Ma-tan-e-quā, who was born here at the Fox village at the mouth of the Catfish in 1810, was also buried in a sitting position. A dispatch describing the burial says:

"Ma-tan-e-quā, the last war-chief of the Sac and Fox Indians of Iowa, who knew what it meant to meet the enemy in open battle or take him from ambush, in the pioneer days of the state, died in camp last week Monday morning at sunrise, at the advanced age of 87 years. The old chief had been in failing health for several years, but the serious illness which led to his death was two months in duration, and in the end he was the victim of consumption, one of the diseases that is responsible for a very high death rate among these Indians.

"Ma-tan-e-quā was born at Dubuque in 1810, and had the place and date tattooed on his right arm. In physique, habits, customs and mental endowments he was a typical Indian of the warrior days. While he was always reticent in speaking of his personal activities in the early events which fill the pioneer days with stories of war, adventure and romance, the men of his tribe hold as sacred legacies the traditions of the part Ma-tan-e-quā played in some of the early struggles along the Mississippi river and in Iowa. He was not of royal blood. He never laid hereditary claims to leadership, yet even in his young manhood he was recognized as one of the strongest characters of his tribe, and is the last one of the five sent out on the tribe's return from Kansas to find a suitable abiding place in Iowa and on July 13, 1857, he, in company with his four associates purchased eighty acres of land from one of the early settlers in Tama township for \$1,000. When these were sent out by the tribe, the Indians were residing temporarily at various points between Iowa City and Ottumwa, but soon after the selection of a location in Tama county the members of the tribe came to this place, and to their original tract of eighty acres there has been added from time to time adjoining farms, until today they are in possession of nearly three thousand acres.

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"During most of the period of their residence in Tama county Ma-tan-e-quā was the strong man of the tribe, especially in more recent years. He was no king, but he was a king maker. He was the Warwick of the Muskwakies. When the old chief who brought the Indians back into Iowa died, and his son was young and timid, it was Ma-tan-e-quā who called about him the head men of the tribe and had Push-E-to-Nekef Quā, the present ruling chief, proclaimed the chief of the tribe, and through all these years Ma-tan-e-quā has been the mainstay of the ruling chief. Within the knowledge of the writer these two men have never failed to stand together on any important matter, and while the king is more progressive in his methods than the king-maker, he never advanced beyond where his Warwick would acquiesce, and it must be said to the credit of this barbarian warrior, that he had a happy faculty of cheerfully acquiescing in the inevitable. He was a strong opponent of education, and the last time the agent discussed the question with him he ended his reply by saying: "Maybe, after I am dead."

"Ma-tan-e-quā's burial on Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock was attended with considerable interest and many of the business men from Montour, Tama and Toledo paid their respects to his memory by calling at his wigwam and quite a few attended his burial. Judge Burnham had adjourned the district court, and the agent was accompanied to the funeral by Judge Burnham, Inspector A. J. Duncan, of Washington, and Hon. S. M. Endicott.

"The body had been carefully prepared and preserved according to the Indian methods and customs, and was dressed in the regalia of a war-chief. Before his death the old chief had selected Pat-to-ka, to have charge of his burial, and had given minute directions as to all the appointments, and all his directions were minutely followed.

"He was buried in a rough coffin, in a sitting posture, the feather in his hair coming just to the edge of the ground, his face to the west and his face and breast laid bare. Otherwise he was clad in moccasins, leggings and blanket and adorned with beads and paint much as he has appeared on many important occasions. In the coffin were placed a bottle of water, a small vessel containing food, an Indian handbag containing many little articles that would be useful on the journey to the happy hunting ground, and his two walking sticks. Then a lid was placed over the lower part of the body, leaving the chest exposed, and over the lid of the coffin were placed several blankets. All the blankets and clothing used by the deceased during his sickness were placed in the grave. After the body had been arranged in the coffin, Wa-Pellu-Ka, an old man who had fought in more than one historic battle side by side with Ma-tan-e-quā, delivered an address in the Indian language at the grave, and according to the Indian custom was the first to drop a Kinnikinec into the grave. In this ceremony he was followed by the other Indians present, one of whom sat by the open grave for several minutes and in a low monotone performed his last rites. No ground was permitted to touch the body, and after the body had been properly arranged in the coffin, a gable roof constructed of boards was placed over the open grave; over the boards a canvas was spread and the grave was enclosed in a fence made of horizontal poles and filled with dirt. After the grave had been finished, We-Pellu-Ka closed the ceremonies with brief remarks in the Indian language. A heavy pole was then erected at the west end of the grave about four feet out of the ground and on it was painted by George Morgan, the secretary of the tribe, a few emblems to characterize events in the life of Ma-tan-e-quā. At the left was painted the picture of a

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bear, representing the band of the Bear, to which Ma-tan-e-quā belonged, and opposite was painted the picture of an Eagle. Under the eagle was the bust of a man and under this the name of Wa-Pellu-Ka, written in Indian and a gun. Wa-Pellu-Ka, belongs to the band of the Eagle. Lower down are five horizontal marks and they are used to represent an event in the life of the Ma-tan-e-quā and Wa-Pellu-Ka, wherein they had an encounter with four Pawnee Indians in Kansas and fought side by side for several hours, and left the field with the scalps of their four enemies dangling at their belts. The stake contained besides these characters, the picture of a Sioux buck and a Sioux squaw, and one mark each, indicating that Ma-tan-e-quā had killed one of each.

"At this point Pa-to-ka, who was in charge of the burial, took all the effects left by the old warrior and divided them among the six other men who had assisted him in the burial. Before the exercises were finished all the white visitors left the grounds except O. B. Chitsy, and in the distribution of gifts he was kindly remembered as the only representative of the white race. The exercises at the grave lasted about two hours. In conclusion it may be added that stoicism has reached its highest point among these people and their funerals are conducted with no sign of emotion."

The Seal of the City of Dubuque carries the legend, "La Petite Nuit," being the appellation given to Julien Dubuque by the Indians. There has been considerable controversy as to the correct translation of the meaning intended by the Indians, and I will give you what appeared on that subject in the Dubuque Daily Herald, under the heading: "La Petite Nuit," the meaning of the expression explained by Hon. W. J. Knight.

"In an article published in the Herald yesterday you say that at the table of one of our aristocratic boarding establishments a few days ago, some one asked what the words "La Petite Nuit" on our city seal meant, that no one could answer, and that the Herald, "The source of all correct information," had been appealed to on the subject, and you answer the inquiry by saying that "the answer is easy" that La Petite Nuit was the name gave by the Indians to Julien Dubuque and that it means in English, "the little cloud." I dislike to differ with you, but in this instance I feel I must do so.

"The Indians did not name Julien Dubuque "La Petite Nuit," nor do these words mean "The little cloud."

"This French expression is first found in a document written in French and signed at Prairie du Chien on the 22nd of September, 1788, by which the Fox Indians made a grant to Julien Dubuque. This document was not written by the Indians, and the language used in it is, of course, but the language of the writer, intended by him to describe the parties, and to express the terms of the agreement made, as he understood them. There are several mistakes in the document, for instance, in two places Dubuque is spelled 'Dubuc.' In the part of the document wherein 'Julien Dubuc' is described as a party to it, is added 'Appelé par eux La Petite Nuit,' which really means, "Called by them little night." That Dubuque was known among the Indians as "Little Cloud" there can be no doubt. In putting this Indian designation into French the writer of the document used the word 'nuit' which does not mean 'cloud.' In the French language, the word 'nuage', the word 'nue' and the word 'nuee', with an accute accent over the first e, all mean 'cloud'. When it is proper to use one of these words, and when the other, to express our word, cloud, it is not necessary now to determine. The pronunciation

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of the word 'nuee' is so like that of the word 'nuît' that it is fair to suppose the writer of the Prairie du Chien document intended to use it. In the English translation made in the Mullaney Record, the translator evidently assumed that the word 'nuee' was intended to be used, and, therefore translated the expression to mean 'Little Cloud.' If we are to have a motto on our City Seal, let us have language used that will mean what is intended to be expressed, which the language now used certainly does not. It is hardly creditable to our literary taste to leave it as it is. (Signed) W. J. Knight."

I think the Indians wanted to describe the looks and appearance of Julien Dubuque, small in stature, dark complexion, dark and piercing eyes, in short, dark and terrible. With them, I presume, dark, black, cloud and night, all convey the same idea.

In writing this, I frequently have mentioned "Eagle Point" the highest and most prominent cliff along the river just north of the city. It may be of interest to note how it is said it obtained that name. Eagle Point obtained its name from an Indian killing a bald eagle thereon, on the 11th day of July, 1831. It is, or was at that time, about three miles from the city limits, and known to settlers, boat men, pilots, and the public generally as one of the loftiest points on the west side of the Mississippi between St. Louis and St. Paul.

According to a statement made by G. R. West, an old resident of Dubuque, a grand celebration of the Fourth of July in 1831 was held at Cortlandville, N. Y., in which Mr. West participated.

An eagle had been trapped a short time previously and was included on the program as one of the most effective celebrations provided. During the day the bird was capsized by the strategy, skill and brawn of one of the committee of arrangement, insists Mr. West, and while thus helpless, that gentleman aggravated the temporary paralysis of this emblem of liberty, equality and fraternity, by securing one of his legs, while William Bassett an enthusiastic Whig, also a silversmith, riveted a silver shield about the member bearing the following inscription: "To Henry Clay, of Louisville, Ky. From William Bassett, of Cortlandville, Cortland County, N. Y."

When this was accomplished, the proud bird who soars aloft to bathe his plumage in the thunder's home, was elevated to the cupola of the Eagle Tavern, his beak pointed in a southwesterly direction, towards Louisville, and "shooed" off. He made three attempts, narrates the witness of the circumstance, before leaving the "cupola" but finally poised himself in the air, and, spreading his wings over the scene, pointed for Kentucky, followed by the shouts of the multitude, the notes of the ear piercing fife and the clangor of cymbals. In after years, when Mr. West settled in Dubuque, he remembered being told of the death of the Cortlandville messenger, the finding of the silver plate, and the naming of the Point from these circumstances.

In connection with the Mormons, and the Indian Chief Keokuk, I find the following characteristic of him, recorded: "Keokuk had an Anglo-Saxon force of expression in coining his words and his love of the humorous was intense. While he resided in his village, near the present town of Ottumwa, on Sugar Creek in 1838, he received a letter from Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, inviting the king of the Sacs and Foxes to attend a regal council to be held in his palace at Nauvoo, Illinois. Keokuk accepted, and with a mounted escort of Indians, went to



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The Editor in His Sanctum

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Nauvoo. They were received in the Temple, where the prophet made an address referring to the children of Israel and the lost tribes. He tried to convince Keokuk that the Indians were the lost tribes, and that this had been revealed to him, and that they must come into his fold.

Keokuk answered: "If my brother is ordered by the Great Spirit to collect our lost tribes together, and lead them into a land flowing with milk and honey, it is his duty to do so. But I wish to ask about some particulars that my Brother has omitted. They are of great importance to my people. The red men are not much used to milk. They prefer streams of water, and in the country where they live, there is a good supply of honey. The points we wish to inquire about are whether the new government will pay large annuities and whether there will be plenty of whisky?"

It is needless to say that the conference abruptly ended.

The writer has a newspaper account of speeches of Indian chiefs at Ft. Snelling on July 20th, 1837. Governor Dodge was called to hold a treaty conference with the Sioux and Chippewa Indians for the purchase of their land. The representatives of the two nations met the governor at Fort Snelling in large numbers, and a great many speeches were made to the Indians, and some of their replies have been preserved. The Sioux chief, Ma-ghe-ga-bo, dressed in full Indian costume and highly painted in red, his hair hanging loosely on his shoulders, a coronet of feathers of the bald eagle placed on his head by the chiefs, and several medals around his neck, advanced toward the Governor with a map before him, and pointing to it with his finger said: "My Father! This is the country which is the home of your children. When we first met here, we smoked, and shook hands together. Four times we have gone through the same ceremony. I stand here to represent the chiefs of the different bands of my nation, and to tell you, that we agree to sell you the land you want. My Father! in all the country we sell you, we wish to hold on to that which gives us life, the streams and lakes where we fish, and the tree from which we make sugar. I have but a few words to say, but they are the words of the chiefs and very important. The Being who created us made us naked. He gave you and your people knowledge and power to live well. Not so with us; we have to cover ourselves with moss and rotten wood, and you must show your generosity toward us. The chief will now show you the tree we wish to preserve,—here is a branch of it. Every time the leaf falls from it, we will count it as one winter passed. If you offer us money and goods, we will take both. You see me count my fingers (counting six). Every finger counts ten; for so many years we wish you to pay us an annuity. After that, our grandchildren, who will have grown up, can speak for themselves. My Father! Take the lands you ask from us. Our chiefs have good hearts. Our women have brought the half-breeds among us. They are poor, and we wish to see them provided for, they and their children. My Father! we will hold firmly what you give us, that nobody may get it from us. Once more we recommend our half-breeds to your kindness. We wish you to select a place for them on this river, where they may live and raise their children, and have their joys of life."

Taking the Governor by the hand he continued, "I will not let go your hand until I have counted the number of our villages. The Great Spirit first made the earth thin and light, but it has now become heavier. We do not wish to disappoint you, and our great Father beyond the

mountains, in the object you had in coming here. We therefore grant you the land you want from us."

The Chippewa chief, Aish-ke-bo-ko-ke, meaning "the flat mouth," said, "My Father! our children are willing to let you have their lands, but wish to reserve the privilege of making sugar from the trees, and taking fish from the lakes and rivers, as they have done before, and of remaining in the country. It is hard to give up the land. It will remain and cannot be destroyed, but you may cut the trees and others will grow up. My Father, you know we cannot live deprived of lakes and rivers. There is some game on the land yet, and for that, we wish to remain. Sometimes we scrape the trees, and eat the bark. The Great Spirit above made all the earth, and causes is to produce that which enables us to live. Yes, the Great Spirit above, placed us on this land, and we want some benefit from the sale of it. If we can derive none, we will not sell it; and we want that benefit ourselves. What I say, is the language of the chiefs. I have heard many things said; that we were going to put out the fires of the white men, to send the white traders away. I know nothing about it, and when I speak, it is not with honey in my mouth. My Father, your children are rejoiced to see the agents here today; one of whom is to live on Lake Superior, and the other on the Mississippi, to keep peace in the country. We are pleased that our young men, women, and children may go home with their hearts glad. We will wait to hear what you offer us for our lands, and then make you our answer."

The treaty was concluded, by which a large purchase was made comprising the Pine Lands of Wisconsin and Minnesota, which for a number of years furnished an abundant supply of lumber, that aided a great deal in the upbuilding of the cities all along the river, and from which, a number of the citizens of Dubuque became very wealthy.

To show how the French voyageurs by their free and easy manner, and genial disposition, had ingratiated themselves into the affections of the Indians, as in contrast to the English, I will quote a speech of the Indian chief, Pontiac, made in 1763. Some of the settlers had complained to him that some of his young men had destroyed part of their corn crop, and committed other depredations; and here is his answer:

"Brothers, we have never wished to do you harm, nor allow any to be done you; but among us there are many young men, who, though strictly watched, find opportunities for mischief. It is not to revenge myself alone that I make war on the English, it is to revenge you, my Brothers. When the English insulted us, they insulted you also. I know that they have taken away your arms, and made you sign a paper which they have sent home to their country. Therefore you are left defenseless; and I mean now to revenge your cause and my own together. I mean to destroy the English and leave not one upon our lands. You do not know the reasons for which I act. I have told you those only which concern ourselves; but you will learn all in time. You will cease then, to think me a fool. I know, my Brothers, that there are many among you who take part with the English. I am sorry for it for their own sakes; for when our Father arrives, I shall point that out to him, and they will see whether they or I have most reason to be satisfied with the part we have acted.

"I do not doubt, my Brothers, that this war is very troublesome to you, for our warriors are continually passing and repassing through your settlement. I am sorry for it. Do not think that I approve of the

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damage that is done by them; and as proof of this, remember the war with the Foxes, and the part which I took in it. It is now seventeen years since the Ojibwas and Michilimackinac, combined with the Sacs and Foxes, came down to destroy you. Who then defended you? Was it not I and my young men? Mackinac, great chief of all these nations, said in council that he would carry to his village the head of your com-mandant, that he would eat his heart, and drink his blood. Did I not take your part? Did I not go to his camp, and say to him, that if he wished to kill the French, he must first kill me and my warriors? Did I not assist you in routing them and driving them away? And now you think that I would turn my arms against you! No, my Brothers; I am the same French Pontiac who assisted you seventeen years ago. I am a Frenchman, and I wish to die a Frenchman; and I now repeat to you that you and I are one."

The principal village of the Foxes near Dubuque was located about twelve miles west from the mouth of the Catfish Creek, and must have been somewhere near Chesterman's Mill between Julien and Peosta stations. It would be interesting for some of our young students to find the exact locality, and from the fact that the Indians had for a long time a large village there, and the finding of the large double grooved stone ax, the large flint spearhead, and the Mammoth Tooth near there, no doubt many more valuable excavations could be made from the mounds in that vicinity. The blue beads from the large mound formerly located at the corner of Seventh and White streets, where the Jefferson House now stands, were made by hand of turquoise stone.

The gambling device from the same mound had one starting point, thirty-three counters, four principal points and one goal. My sons figured out from descriptions of similar devices in the government reports how the game was probably played.

The camel head pipe is an object for speculation. Was the camel formerly roaming over these plains? Or did people who made this pipe come from a country where the camel was familiar to them?

A splendid view of the location of the City of Dubuque is obtained from the Wisconsin shore, opposite Eagle Point, from the farm of Henry F. Trenk, which is on top of the high bluff just east of the Eagle Point bridge. It was on the occasion of a picnic held there by Julien Chapter, No. 125, Order of the Eastern Star, in 1902, that the writer made a large sized water color picture of this view, which inspired the poet's muse in Henry F. Trenk, so much so that he wrote the following lines concerning it:

"THE GRANDEST SCENE. THE HILLS ABOUT DUBUQUE."

1—I've traveled down the path of life
For 'lo' these many years;
I've watched scenes change, men come and go,
And oft' times moved to tears.
As I look back upon the past
When a bright and care-free youth
I wandered hours through wooded dales
'Mongst the hills about Dubuque.

2 What inspirations for poets' lines
As we view yon' dale and nook!
Grand, romantic, historic bluffs

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Those hills about Dubuque.
No artist's brush, or poet's pen
Can ever half her beauties show
And who would view the Grandest Scene
Must first to "Trenk's Wildwood" go.

- 3 Blossoms of earliest spring do shed
Their fragrance on this mound
While geologists' rarest specimens
In yon' crags, are easy found.
What memories, they, to mind recall
Of pleasures sought, of hopes forsook
As we wander through the woods so tall
'Mongst the hills about Dubuque.
- 4 Those bluffs do stand like sentries brave
Guarding our "Mighty River"
Swerving each current, breaking each wave
As they roll on forever.
And when life's journey shall be o'er
My soul flown, on the unknown route
I want to lie forever more
'Mongst the hills about Dubuque.

And now I feel that I have done what I could, in helping to pay honor for this locality to one of those sturdy pioneers, "the first among his equals," who have endured the hardships and braved the dangers, incident to the opening up of this beautiful land, "Iowa," to settlement and civilization, and by which this city which perpetuates his name, correctly has come to be known, the Key City of Iowa, "Dubuque."

R. HERRMANN

DUBUQUE, IOWA



HERRMANN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
2419 Central Avenue
DUBUQUE, IOWA

"For educational purposes and free to the public"

Addendum

A cradle found in the old homestead of Dubuque now is in the possession of Richard Herrmann. The cradle was lost for many years, but in 1911 in making some repairs in the old homestead, a hole was broken into the wall and a cavity was discovered. Upon investigation, the old cradle and also an old chair were found. Believing the find to be of interest, the family communicated with the Mayor of Dubuque, then D. J. Haas, as follows:

To the Mayor of Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

My mother has found the cradle in which the founder of your city was rocked. This cradle, which is of solid oak, came from the family of Dubuc. The founder of your city, Julien Dubuque, was born at St. Pierre les Becquets and was the brother-in-law of the grandmother of my mother and this cradle comes from that same family.

We are positive that the grandmother of my mother was in possession of this same cradle, which was found across the river where Julien Dubuc was born. It was found in an old house and has not been used in over a hundred years. It is fairly in good order. Should this old piece of furniture be of any interest for your museum, we should be pleased to send its history and give you particulars and picture of same.

Yours very truly,

ART. ALAIN,

Joliette, Can.

Mr. Herrmann accepted the offer for his museum and had it sent to Dubuque at his expense.

The State Historical Society at Des Moines heard of the cradle and made an effort to secure it for themselves, but the family believed it to be of greater interest and value to the citizens of Dubuque and refused to give or sell it to the State Historical Society.

From the Dubuque Herald of October 17, 1897, the following is taken relative to the deed given by Julien Dubuque to Auguste Chouteau for

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part of the land contained in the original grant to Dubuque by the Fox Indians and part of which land is now contained within the present limits of the City of Dubuque:

"Several weeks ago a firm of Dubuque attorneys received a letter from a prominent law firm in New York asking for information regarding Dubuque's estate, their client being an alleged lineal descendant of Auguste Chouteau. The local firm answered that Dubuque left no estate and there were no grounds upon which to base a claim.

"The New York attorneys very evidently thought differently and a few days ago a large package was received from them. It contained a translation from the identical magazine "Canadians of the West," from which Mr. Mullaney made his translation of the life of Julien Dubuque and a copy of the deed. The New York attorneys very evidently thought that they had established a clear case.

"The deed itself shuts off as claimants all relatives of Julien Dubuque, because by it Dubuque deeded away all his rights and interests, at his death, to Chouteau. The supreme court of the United States decided against Chouteau, so that it is apparent that there can be no valid claim by relatives or assignees of either. [The supreme court of the United States held that Dubuque had no title to the land by his grant by the Indians, simply a mining right, and it was on this ground that the court decided adversely to the suit of Chouteau's heirs. This decision was made in 1853, the sale of the lands in the vicinity of Dubuque being postponed several times by this suit. The Langworthys, Thomas Kelly and other pioneers entered their land about the years 1845, although they came to this vicinity at least fifteen years earlier."

Judge Oliver Shiras has written a history of this famous law suit of the Chouteau heirs and a copy of this is in the Dubuque public library.]

The Dubuque attorneys returned the documents and referred the New York lawyers to the decision in the Chouteau case. John I. Mullaney learned of the correspondence and obtained a copy of the deed, which is as follows:

"Concession of the location of the City of Dubuque.

"Be it known, that we, Julien Dubuque, mineralogist, residing at the mines of Spain, actually in the City of St. Louis, Ill., of one part; Augustus Chouteau, merchant, located in the city aforesaid, city of St. Louis of the other part, have agreed of our own movement and will, in the presence of witnesses named here below, upon what follows, to-wit:

"That I, Julien Dubuque, by these presents, recognize and confess to have today sold, ceded and relinquished now and forever, and promise to guarantee against all trouble, debt, dowry, mortgages, evictions, substitutions, and other impediments whatever, to Augustus Chouteau, the aforesaid merchant, who, for the present time accepts and acquires for him, his heirs and assigns, to-wit, a land containing 72,324 French acres in width to be taken from the south of a concession obtained by me, aforesaid Dubuque, from the Baron of Carondelet as it is specified by the decree of the latter later in New Orleans on the 10th of November, 1796, placed at the base of the request presented to me by the aforesaid Baron Carondelet, of which the aforesaid request and decrees have been registered in the office of Mr. Atoin (Anthony) Soulard, surveyor of the territory of Louisiana; the aforesaid concession containing about seven

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leagues (twenty-one miles) abreast of the Mississippi, by three leagues (nine miles) deep, commencing from the hill on the top of the little river Maquanquity* in the place where it joins the Mississippi river to the hill Meyquaninonque**, in the place where it also falls into the aforesaid Mississippi; the 72,324 acres of land sold by me, aforesaid Dubuque, to the aforesaid Augustus Chouteau, will be limited and taken commencing from the south part of my aforesaid concession on the hill Meyquaninonque, three leagues deep and going up the river on the north side to the completion of the aforesaid 72,324 French acres of land above mentioned and sold; I reserve to myself***, by this same indenture the exact quantity of the 42 French acres abreast of the Mississippi by 84 French acres deep in the same place of my aforesaid establishment as same would be lacking to complete the 72,324 French acres quantity of 42 French acres abreast by 84 French acres depth sold me as above mentioned to the aforesaid Augustus Chouteau. I, the aforesaid Dubuque, oblige myself by these presents to cause to be delivered the aforesaid 42 French acres by 84 French acres of depth in another part of my aforesaid concession, which aforesaid 42 French acres will face the Mississippi and the 84 French acres will be in depth.

"We the aforesaid Dubuque and Chouteau, agree of our own will and accord to have each one in particular, full and entire enjoyment of the aforesaid 72,324 French acres of land aforesaid mentioned, as well as for the mines as for the cultivation of the aforesaid lands, sold us stated above, by me, Dubuque and acquired by me the aforesaid Chouteau except that I, the aforesaid Dubuque, will have the enjoyment of it during my life, obliging me neither to sell, nor transport, nor alienate the aforesaid privilege to any one, whatsoever, under the pain of annulity to the aforesaid right of exploitation of the mines and cultivation of the aforesaid lands sold by me as above mentioned and in behalf of the aforesaid right of exploitation of the mines and cultivation of the land, to me granted by the aforesaid Chouteau for and during my life. The works, furnaces, buildings, improvements, etc., done by me on the aforesaid land will remain to the aforesaid Chouteau after the aforesaid terms mentioned above of my life, so that the aforesaid Chouteau, his heirs and assigns, may take full and peaceful possession of it and enjoy it as things belonging to him after my death.

"This present sale done by me, Dubuque, for the price and sum of \$10,848 and 60 sols, which by the present writing, I recognize to have received cash from the hands of the aforesaid Augustus Chouteau, and of which by these presents, I gave him full and entire receipt and discharge shown on account of the said payment, that the aforesaid Chouteau enters in full and peaceful possession of the aforesaid land from today and enjoys the right of it, he, his heirs and assigns, as things belonging to him. Diverting myself of the aforesaid quantity of 72,324 French acres of land mentioned aforesaid, on account of the aforesaid payment of the sum of \$10,848 and 60 sols, received by me from the hands of the aforesaid Chouteau and my heirs, executors, or administrators shall not in any way recall all that is above mentioned and stipulated; for thus has it been understood and agreed, therein, obliging, renouncing, etc.

"Written and passed in the city of St. Louis, Ill., on the 20th day of October, the year 1804, on the 29th of American Independence.

"In witness whereof we, the aforesaid Dubuque and Chouteau, have signed the present papers in the presence of Messrs. M. P. Leduc, clerk;

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B. Pratte and M. G. Moro and have impressed our seal the day and year as above.

"The words 'reciprocally,' and of the 23rd and 24th lines being erased and annulled."

AUGUSTUS CHOUTEAU,

JULIEN DUBUQUE.

M. P. LEDUC,
M. G. MORO, } Witnesses.
B. PRATTE, }

* Now known as Little Maquoketa.

** Mouth of the Tetes des Mortes. Near Gordons Ferry.

*** The land described as reserved constituted the valley of the Catfish below Dubuque's grave, where was then located the Indians' village. Chouteau spells his first name in this deed as "Augustus," although he is often elsewhere referred to as "Auguste." The spelling of the name "Chouteau" is evidently a typographical error.

It is noticed that Dubuque makes no reference in the deed to his grant from the Indians, evidently basing all claim to the land to the confirmation of this Indian grant by the Spanish governor of the territory the Baron of Carondlet, of New Orleans.

In two places in the deed Dubuque's name is spelled "Dubucque."

This deed was the basis of the great law suit that harassed the early settlers of Dubuque, with the result that none of them knew if they had a clear title to their land or not. The litigation in one way or another lasted for forty-nine years and the claim was knocked about before land commissioners, cabinets, congresses, committees and courts. The first decision by commissioners was in Chouteau's favor, and after that the decision was first one way and then the other. The Senate at one time, and the House at another time passed a bill to allow the claim, but not at the same congress, for had they done so Chouteau's claim would have been established and his heirs would have obtained possession of the property. Finally a case bearing on the validity of the deed was taken into the United States district court before Judge Dyer, and it was decided against Chouteau's heirs and in favor of the settlers. The late Judge T. S. Wilson was one of the attorneys for the settlers. The decision of the district court was appealed to the United States supreme court and in a decision rendered in March, 1853, the lower court was affirmed, the claim of Chouteau's heirs was thrown out and the case forever settled.

The point on which the United States supreme court held with the lower court and which settled the case for all time was that Dubuque never had any title to the land in question by his deed from the Fox Indians, but simply a right to mine the land, which a careful reading of the grant from the Indians will substantiate. As noted above, Dubuque in his deed to Chouteau made no mention of his grant from the Indians but laid all his claims to title to the land on the confirmation by the Spanish governor, Baron Carondelet, and never mentioned his grant by the Indians. But the courts sifted the grant from the Fox Indians to the bottom and the whole question turned on this original document and not

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on the confirmation of the grant by Baron Carondelet. Of course Dubuque was shrewd enough to base all his claim to whatever title he received from Carondelet, but he did not fool the courts who threw this out and went back to the original agreement with the Indians and here was where Dubuque's claim lost out.

But the United States supreme court's decision lifted a great load from the minds of the settlers and order and system was restored to the title of the lands around Dubuque, where formerly nothing but chaos and confusion prevailed.

From an article published in the Dubuque Telegraph in 1909, the following is taken:

"During the past week there has come to this city Louis Dubuque, a descendant of Julien Dubuque, the founder of this city. He came here rather by chance, than with the intention of seeing the city his great grandfather's brother had founded, and kept secret his origin for some time after his arrival.

"He came one day to a local restaurant and incidentally told the proprietor of his visit to his ancestor's grave. The fact that he was by trade a chef also became known and the proprietor found work for him. He soon became conversant with his connection with the historic family and his story is an interesting one.

" 'I was born in the vicinity of Three Rivers in 1850,' said Louis Dubuque, the other evening. 'All the Dubuque family have always lived there since their emigration from Normandy, France, and all the family now living reside within fifty miles of Montreal. Not a great deal of our history is known back of the time when Julien Dubuque's parents came to this county, but then the name has become very common in Canada.

" 'Both Julien and my great grandfather were born in Secor, Canada, and the old house is still standing there. My sister lives in it. I left Secor many years ago and went to Montreal where I was chef in the Windsor hotel for fourteen years. ' From Montreal I began a trip into the States, and worked in Terre Haute all last winter. I had heard of Dubuque many times because of our connection with its history and because of the trial held here by my ancestors for possession of the land on which the city now stands, but I hadn't thought of coming here until I found I was so close,—when at Terre Haute—that it would be a simple matter to visit the grave of my great-great-uncle.

" 'All of our family have been furriers except myself, and today one of my brothers is associated with the Hudson Bay Knitting company. My father was a furrier and land was very plentiful at the time of the trial here, so that he considered fur trading far more profitable than holding land down in this country. My father's name was Jacques and he was here in this city at the time of the trial.

" 'We, in Canada have had stories brought to us that the Indians killed Julien Dubuque, but we never have credited them. We know that Julien was far too great a chief among them and had too much influence with them to have been the victim of their cruelties. No, we feel that he died because of his dissipation and the vices with which he was afflicted

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early in youth. I, myself know the Indians well, and speak fluently the tongue of the Aberaki and the Sarcie tribes. In addition, I can speak English very well and French is my native tongue.'

"The history of Julien Dubuque and his connection with the Canadian family of Dubucs, of Dubuque, is very little known. The late M. M. Ham, in his "First White Man in Iowa," says that Julien Dubuque came here in 1788, died in 1810, but left no family, no connections, no papers, no traditions,—in fact absolutely nothing, except hearsay to tell of his coming from the northern lake regions to Prairie du Chien and thence to this city. He was born in St. Pierre Ces Brecquets, county of Nicolet, on the St. Lawrence river, in 1762. He came here and associated himself with the Indians, and became a great chief among them, and was very much feared as a great medicine man. Other than this a few details concerning his trip down the river and his tricks to awe the Indians, there is nothing known of his history."

Louis Dubuque states that there are papers and records of the Dubuque family at his home in Three Rivers, Canada, and possibly these if revealed would shed some light on the early history of the founder of this city. The Canadian's story is consistent in nearly every detail with the history so far as it is known of the famous family, and none who has heard the old gentleman's story expresses any doubts of the relationship claimed between him and the "first white man in Iowa."

From the Dubuque Globe, under date of October 3, 1897, the following is taken:

"Several of the early settlers say that the bluff on which Dubuque is buried is an Indian cemetery. They are confident that many more skeletons will be unearthed when the bluff near the grave is graded. Gopher Head, Gray Eagle and Rolling Cloud are supposed to be buried in the bluff.

"Among those who were present at Dubuque's grave last Sunday was Dr. J. P. Quigley, and speaking with reference to the finding of the remains of Peosta, he gave it as his opinion that many other noted warriors of the Sac and Fox tribes and of the Iowas were buried on the picturesque bluff where the red sons of the forest placed the remains of their friend, Julien Dubuque. At the time that Dubuque was here, this section of the unexplored wilderness of the west was the home of several noted Indian chiefs, men who were the equals of the famous Blackhawk in point of natural ability as warriors and leaders of their respective tribes. Among these were Gopher Head, Gray Eagle and Rolling Cloud, all men of renown, and who had on many occasions defeated the Chipewas and Winnebagos. The two first named were Sacs and the latter a Fox, and, according to tradition, they were as fine specimens of physical manhood as one could wish to look upon. All were six feet or over, and were disposed to make war on neighboring tribes; but they were ever ready to defend their rights when these were assailed. They lived in peace for many years previous to the coming of Dubuque to the place that was in after years to see a metropolitan city bearing his name; and after his coming, having been shown that war could do no good, but much harm, they lived in peace until the white men took possession of their territory, when they naturally resisted the invaders, but finally had to retreat toward the land of the setting sun.

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"All three of the chiefs named in the foregoing were killed in the battle which took place on Horseshoe Bluff, which is the bluff that towers up to a height of over 200 feet on the south side of the valley of the Catfish, the latter in those days being known as "the Tonrokeka," which in the Sac language means 'the crooked stream.' A number of the early settlers are quite familiar with the tradition regarding this battle, in which, after a desperate struggle of three days, fifteen hundred of the Sacs, Foxes and Iowas were driven or rather deliberately jumped over the bluff rather than fall into the hands of their enemies and be tortured to death. It had for many years been supposed that it was over the bluff on which Dubuque's grave is located that these Indians went to their death, but it has been shown by later investigation that they went over Horseshoe Bluff. The impression prevails and is generally believed that a few days after the battle, some of those who escaped death brought the remains of the three chiefs up to the bluff and buried them at the dead of night.

"Constable Thomas Alsop, who is one of the prominent members of the Early Settlers' Society, says that he has often heard how the burial took place. The battle is supposed to have taken place in June, and three nights afterwards the remnant that escaped carried the remains of the chiefs up to the point where Dubuque was buried. It was a mournful procession of Indian braves that wended its way up the bluff, on reaching the top of which the graves were dug and the three great chiefs interred at intervals of about thirty feet apart. The night was calm and everything in nature was still, still as the hearts of the gallant leaders who were about to be returned to the bosom of Mother Earth; and, with God's eye of the night illuminating the majestic river and the surroundings until there was a weird loveliness in the scene, the three chiefs were laid to rest, not to be disturbed until such time as a grateful people should do honor to the memory of the man who was their friend.

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